

The TATLER

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The TATTLER

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Price One Shilling



MISS ALVILDE BRIDGES

Yevonde, Victoria Street

AND (INSET) THE HON. ANTHONY CHAPLIN, HER FIANCÉ

The engagement of Miss Alvilde Bridges, the only daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Tom Bridges and Lady Bridges, to the Hon. Anthony Chaplin was recently announced. The bridegroom-elect is the eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Chaplin. Sir Tom Bridges was the hero of an incident in the Retreat from Mons, when by beating a toy drum, which he collected out of a little shop, he rallied a batch of sorely exhausted stragglers.



THE LETTERS OF EVE



AT THE ROMANS CLUB—OVER ROMANO'S

Sasha

Lord and Lady North's party at this cheery dine and sup club which has just been opened over Romano's, which was never known by any other name but "The Romans," at a time not long gone past: that of one John Corlett! Included in this one of many house-warming parties were Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson D'Eyncourt and Mr. and Mrs. Weber-Brown

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—I must start off this letter with the Cesarewitch as it is freshest in my mind. Besides, those of us who go down to Newmarket for the meeting hardly realize that London goes on pretty well unchanged without us. Especially when the King and Queen come, as they did from Sandringham on Wednesday, together with that minute proportion of the population which we are pleased to call half London.

There were strong hopes that His Majesty would score with The Abbot, but he just failed by a couple of necks. That and the crowd were the only blots on an otherwise glorious day. For the warm bright sunshine was as pleasing as it was unexpected after Tuesday's weather. And two favourites won before the big race which, for a welcome change, ended with the two best-backed horses in the first three. I hope you noticed that I suggested all three in my last letter to you and acted accordingly.

* * *

There seemed to be vast crowds of people after the comparative peace of the day before, but I think I remember vaster crowds, notwithstanding the added sweep attraction. But there were not many incidents to speak of. Lord Harewood gave us a shock by suddenly appearing alone on the roof of the lower stand, just before the start of the Cesarewitch, and walking along to the end. It is a grand place to see from, and I envied the Senior Steward this privilege.

While the cars arrived in their hundreds, aeroplanes arrived in their tens and, after circling over the forbidden heath, landed neatly on the far side of the road from London. Lady Blanche Douglas was one of the many who flew. She does not often come to Newmarket. Her half brother, Baron Frankie de Tuyl, comes far more often; almost as often, in fact, as the regulars whose names you know by heart and were present in almost full force last week. I envied them on Wednesday for being on the spot; they came wearing suitably light garments for a warm day.

* * *

Among the less regular were Lady Nunburnholme and Lady Edward Hay, each lovely in her separate way. Lady Edward wore



SISTER AGNES

Hay Wrightson

The founder of King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers, which was opened thirty-two years ago for the sick and wounded officers from the South African War



Bertram Park

MISS JOAN EYRES-MONSELL

The youngest daughter of Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lady Eyres-Monsell. Unlike some First Lords, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell is a real sailor, as he first went to sea as a midshipman in 1896 and ended up his service as a Commander

a neat black coat and skirt which suited her perfectly. Lady Somerleyton was with Lady Godfrey Faussett, who was delighted when a money spider began spinning all over her face. She managed to circulate it among half a dozen friends, but as they all backed different horses it was difficult for the poor thing to live up to its reputation. But I fear that the coincidence of the spider and a stranger's dream led to Lady Somerleyton backing one horse that didn't win.

Others I noticed in all the crowd and excitement were Lord and Lady Churchill, Lady Mary Herbert and Lord Stavordale, Lady Mar and Kellie and Lady Linlithgow, Lady Morrison-Bell and her daughter Shelagh, Mrs. Fitzalan Howard and the John Fanes. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall brought a party which included the Teddy Howards, and among the young ones were Miss Mary Martin Smith, who tells me that her wedding is fixed for the beginning of December, with her two sisters, Miss Angela du Boulay and Miss Babs Meyer, two other brides-to-be, Miss Jean Faudel-Phillips, Miss Jean Courtauld, and Lady Helen Primrose.

Poor Kempton's gallant effort in holding its Duke of York meeting in spite of its burnt down stand was hardly as well rewarded as it might have been. For the morning downpours discouraged many and prevented them from enjoying a very good afternoon's racing which was unmarred by even one drop of rain, and from appreciating the brave show of dahlias which hid the hoarding round the ruins.

Apart from the people one would expect to see there, and they included Mr. Tom Walls, the irresistible lover of *Leap Year*, the new film at the Tivoli, I saw few familiar faces. But there were a few including Mrs. Hugo Chenevix Trench, the Freddie Drummonds, and Mrs. Raymond Boileau, whose new book, "Turnip Tops," is due at the beginning of next month. Sir Oswald Mosley is also publishing a book very soon, and Mr. Patrick Balfour is still hard at work putting the finishing touches to his after a holiday in Scotland.

Last week I found myself at a reception lunch given by Mrs. Lee Guinness, who is one of the most attractive young marrieds in London. Most of her guests were by way of being on a diet, but the menu proved too good to keep that up. Waist lines were up in consequence. I sat next to Lady Mainwaring, who is just recovering from a nervous break-down, which was partly due to a bad hunting accident over two years ago, when her horse rolled on her. Despite this she was her usual gay and entertaining self, and

Anita Elsom that was, and also Leonora Hughes that was, were at the party. Mrs. Prinsep is the owner of that enchanting house in Farm Street, which was rented first by the Morgan sisters, Mrs. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. Thaw, and then by Miss Gloria Swanson. She is going back to it this week, and intends to give a new house warming.

Mrs. Philip Kindersley introduced something new by giving her



At North Berwick: Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes

The Marquess of Crewe's daughter by his second marriage in 1899 to Lady Margaret Primrose, who is a sister of the present Earl of Rosebery



A BANNED PLAY PARTY AT HAMPSTEAD

Mrs. Claude Beddington gave this party last week to meet Emil Ludwig, the author of the brilliant satirical comedy "Versailles," which has had to be banned by our Censor because the rule is that the characters in a play must not be living people. So the Independent Theatre Club has had to produce this play (and other) at the Kingsway. In the group in the picture are Mr. Terence Marney, the organizer of the club, Mrs. Beddington, and Mr. and Mrs. Emil Ludwig

looked most attractive in a little U.S.A. Gob hat designed by her daughter.

Another guest was Mrs. Vivian Cornelius, who gave a cocktail party last week. She and her very good-looking young husband are spending their leave in the Scarsdale flat. It is just possible that he will go to Washington as private secretary to the Ambassador instead of returning to Egypt. Mrs. Prinsep,

a sure sign of approaching winter—and I decided that Lady Bridget Poulett looked her best in such sombre garb. The Beaton sisters were there, both black-helmeted, and Mr. Nelson Keys, who was talking earnestly to Lord Inverclyde, the newest M.F.H.

Mrs. Kindersley herself was looking well bronzed after her weeks in Monte Carlo. The little principality would have been looking up if Sir John Milbanke and Co. had been able to get the new sweep going. In the meantime Lady Milbanke is staying in Paris with Mrs. Corrigan: and they will be joined in a day or two by Lady Londonderry and Baroness Bleckson.

Lord David Cecil and Miss Rachel MacCarthy, who had a quiet morning wedding in the City last Thursday, have decided not to make London their permanent home. Lord David has, in fact, bought a country house in Wiltshire, near to his brother's place at Cranborne. He means, however, to keep the house in Edwardes Square, which he bought when he left Oxford and gave up being a Don at Wadham College. Until her marriage Miss MacCarthy lived with her distinguished father in Wellington Square, Chelsea, a few doors away from Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Balfour.

The Ronald Balfours are one of the most popular and best-looking couples among the young marrieds, and if heredity means anything at all, their small daughter should develop into a beauty. Mrs. Balfour's father, Mr. Richard Hart Davis, married for the second time not long ago, and his wife is so young and so lovely that she is sometimes mistaken for her

(Continued overleaf)

c 2



Mrs. Theodore Haultain, Stephen the Starter, and Miss Mabel Russell at North Berwick

A happy re-union of three old friends. Miss Mabel Russell (Mrs. Hilton Philipson, ex-M.P.) is at present playing lead in "The Gay Adventure" in Edinburgh, Mr. Seymour Hicks being the D'Artagnan (modernized) of this amusing story

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

step-daughter. They are both the same type, tall and fair with beautiful complexions and perfect figures. Mr. Hart Davis used to live in Hans Place, but he and his wife are now installed in a



MISS GRACE WILSON AND Mlle. MARIA SANDRA AT MRS. CLAUDE BEDDINGTON'S "VERSAILLES" PARTY

Mrs. Claude Beddington gave this party at her house at Hampstead in honour of Emil Ludwig, the author of the brilliant political satire, "Versailles," which the Censor of Plays regretfully, as may be opined, was compelled to ban since it introduces characters of living personalities. It is being produced by the Independent Theatre Club. Miss Grace Wilson is the well-known young actress, and Mlle. Maria Sandra the equally famous singer

palatial flat in Lowndes Place, where they gave a very good cocktail party last week.

Lady Cunard is back in London again as active as ever giving small luncheon and dinner parties at No. 7, Grosvenor Square, and attending every concert and art show worth going to. She has her great friends, Sir Robert and Lady Abdy, staying with her at the moment.

Lady Abdy who, as Diana Bridgeman was the most gifted and attractive débutante of her day, published a book of poems at the age of twelve and she is a clever painter, too. Her husband, who is famous for his knowledge of *objets d'art*, runs an antique shop—more of a museum than a shop—where many small but successful exhibitions have been held during the last few years, notably one dedicated to the works of Degas. He showed not only the lovely little bronze figures of ballet girls at practice, which are almost as well known as Degas' paintings of the same subject, but also many of the lesser-known extraordinary life-like and effective studies of horses in action.

Both Sir Robert and his wife were with Lady Cunard at the Queen's Hall on Friday night, when Sir Thomas Beecham inaugurated the new London Philharmonic Orchestra, an orchestra which can compare favourably with any in the world to-day, chosen mainly from the ranks of the London Symphony Orchestra and the now defunct Philharmonic.

Sir Thomas gave a brilliant performance, worthy of a far larger audience; his rendering of the rather hackneyed "Carnival Romain," of Berlioz, being especially effective. The "Heldenleben" of Strauss was magnificent too, and the Delius "Brigg Fair" exquisitely sensitive and delicate. Although one or two stern critics found fault with the *tempi* of the Mozart, complaining that it was the slowest slow movement they had ever heard, the evening, on the whole, was the most memorable event musical London has enjoyed for many years,

and the new orchestra have a notable leader in Mr. Paul Beard, the young player Sir Thomas brought from Birmingham.

Amongst the audience I noticed Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mrs. Anthony Rothschild, Mr. Tom Mitford, and Miss Tilly Losch, who looked enchanting in a gold-brocaded coat, and Lady Oxford, accompanied by Princess Bibesco and Mr. Puffin Asquith. Lady Oxford has not yet found a title for her new book which is to come out in serial form next month in a Sunday paper. It is a continuation of her autobiography, and will surely give us all something to think and talk about.

Most of the same "band of the faithful" turned up at the Queen's Hall again a night or two later to hear the same orchestra play under Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who gave an excellent performance, especially of Debussy's sketches, "La Mer," a new work by a young Polish composer called Martinu, very rhythmical and amusing, and the gayest "Till Eulenspiegel" we have had for some time. And all this in spite of the fact that he had had a temperature of 102 for ten days, due to a mysterious bacillus that is baffling half the doctors in London.

Among the enthusiasts I found there were Mr. Seymour Leslie, raving about the Haydn Quartet, Mrs. Edward Compton, and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, who came together, one in white and one in red, and Mrs. Fred Lawson, who was with Mr. Francis Toye. Lady Jowitt looked as well as ever, and others in the hall included Mrs. Aspinall Oglender, Lady de La Warr, and Mr. Constant Lambert, with

his strangely attractive, exotic-looking little Javanese wife.

Sir Gerald du Maurier is getting together as many as he can of the original cast of *Bulldog Drummond* for the matinée at the Adelphi on November 8, in aid of King George's Pension Fund. Both Their Majesties are to be present, for this is one of the King's pet charities, and he goes through the accounts personally every year. The first matinée for the fund was held at His Majesty's the year of the King's Coronation, when the entire audience, from stalls to gallery, were in Court dress.—Yours ever, EVE.



LORD AND LADY CROMER

At the wedding of their daughter, Lady Rosemary Baring, more pictures of which function are on the page facing this one. Lady Cromer is the second daughter of the late Earl of Minto and Mary Countess of Minto and a sister of Lady Francis Scott, Lady Violet Astor, and the present Earl of Minto

LORD DAVID CECIL'S WEDDING

A Great Day for Smithfield



A REALLY HAPPY PAIR: LORD DAVID CECIL AND HIS CHARMING YOUNG BRIDE, MISS RACHEL MacCARTHY



LORD HUGH CECIL, UNCLE OF THE BRIDEGROOM, AND LADY CRANBORNE



MISS ORMSBY-GORE AND HER YOUNGEST BROTHER



LORD AND LADY HARTINGTON BROUGHT LORD BURLINGTON



LADY OXFORD AND PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO ARRIVING

Meat porters from Smithfield Market joined in the vast crowd of spectators which had gathered in the neighbourhood of St. Bartholomew the Great to cheer Lord and Lady Salisbury's younger son and Miss Rachel MacCarthy, whose marriage took place last Thursday. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, the well-known author and literary critic, gave away his daughter, who dispensed with both bridesmaids and bouquet, but chose ermine and faille for her wedding gown with admirable effect. Among the bridegroom's relations present at the ceremony were his uncle, Lord Hugh Cecil, the Member for Oxford University; his brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady Cranborne; and his sisters, Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore and Lady Hartington with their respective husbands and children. Lady Oxford and her daughter, Princess Antoine Bibesco were also in evidence, the former a striking figure in a long velvet coat with toque to match. Lord David Cecil, who made a literary name for himself when he was still at Eton, is a Fellow of Wadham. He won the Hawthornden Prize in 1930 with his brilliant "The Stricken Deer," a biography of Cowper. He is an effective public speaker with refreshingly direct views on the political and social problems of the day

THE CINEMA :

Things That Amuse Me
By JAMES AGATE

PERHAPS the greatest joy in my life is the discovery of things not, one thinks, supposed to be funny. Turning the other day to the broadcast programme, I read: "3.25, East Anglian Herring Fishing Bulletin." And again, under the hour of "7.10" my eye caught something which read like "The Future of British Oats. By Sir Biggles Wade," though here I confess to some manipulation of the text. Anyhow I laughed long and loud, just as I laughed on hearing about Mr. Priestley's mishap. Upon this I permit myself a few words, inasmuch as I believe that I have, owing to my own good luck of the B.B.C.'s mismanagement, delivered more wireless talks than anybody else in Great Britain. Not once during six years have I ever gone down to Savoy Hill or Broadcasting House without a spare copy of my talk in my pocket. On two occasions it has been convenient to use these owing to the extraordinary ingenuity displayed by speakers' manuscripts in getting themselves mislaid. I do not think any sane person ought to blame the B.B.C. in this matter. It is a property of things to get themselves mislaid, and personally I should be very much surprised if anybody at a minute's notice could lay his hands on the Treaty of Versailles! But I am surprised that Mr. Priestley, who comes from Yorkshire, and is prepared at any moment to instruct anybody about anything, should not have taken the obvious precaution. Would Mr. Priestley confide a 1,000-page manuscript even to the General Post Office unless he had a copy at home? Very well then. Or again, would he go motoring without a spare tyre? Then why does he propose to go broadcasting without a spare manuscript? Yes, in these dull days life can be made amusing for those of us who know where to look for the funny things, the best place, of course, being where people intend to be most serious. A great place for seriousness is that cinema programme in which you get a minimum of information about the film you have come to see and a maximum of prognosticatory comment for next week, or next month, or even later. Apropos of that colossal piece of pretentious bunk, Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*, presently to be shown in a film-version at the Empire, I am told that "the sacred, secret processes of thought itself are stripped naked and tossed to the audience in terrific ruthlessness. The result is something that rips the watcher bit from bit." What I want to know is whether the watcher will be allowed to gather up his bits before he departs. I think I must consult Beachcomber.

The film itself, *Skyscraper Souls*, turned out to be the usual portentous jumble about nothing in particular. David Dwight was a boss in the building trade who had not understood Ibsen's lesson that building happy homes for happy human beings is not the highest mission of your architect and builder. I am not surprised, because I have never understood Ibsen's lesson myself. In fact I think it is bosh. Further, I see no reason why a New York architect should not build a skyscraper of 100 storeys provided that the building will stand up, and that people can be found to take rooms on a ninety-seventh floor. I suppose that if Ibsen had written this film he would have found in the skyscraper a symbol of man's cheek in measuring himself against forces stronger than man. Cheek, that is, tempered with the obligation upon man to achieve more than he can. I can perfectly well see this film as an Ibsen play. I can see, and in the mind's eye hear, interminable acts in which architectural discussion as to strains and stresses have their parallel in the strains and stresses of the human soul. I see as clearly as if I

were sitting in some repertory play-house, converted school-room, or draughty drill-hall, that fifth act consisting of the skyscraper's roof, a flagstaff, and the naked elements. I can see a trap-door opening and the emerging head of Mr. Franklyn Dyall who, clinging to the uncertain flag-staff—since we have been told that the building has a storm sway of 11 ft.—addresses to the crowd on the pavement below appropriate remarks on the instability of human affairs. Presently I see the aureoled pallor of Miss Mary Merrill who, doubting that her old man has gone potty, now follows him to the roof. A little later I see the head and shoulders of that grey iceberg which Miss Nancy Price so perfectly simulates. She, of course, is Miss Merrill's sister arrived but now from Norway to ask why Mr. Dyall has not taken the slightest notice of her fifty-seven years. She has whiled away the time playing with dolls, but is tired of that. The battle between the two sisters is now

joined since both want to push their master builder from off the top of the skyscraper, but for different reasons. After a time they look round only to find that Mr. Dyall has disappeared. Whereupon, locked in a sisterly embrace they go over the parapet together. What really happened, of course, was that Mr. Dyall, finding his remarks something interrupted by the thunder and lightning, a sleety drizzle, and the high words of the sisters, had gone quietly down to tea.

It is perhaps needless to say that the film, *Skyscraper Souls*, which has been adapted from a novel by Miss Faith Baldwin, bears but slight resemblance to the foregoing. The master-builder in the film has a wife who takes no interest in him beyond his cheque-book and a mistress who is his secretary and of whom after twenty years he is a little tired. Now this secretary has a little assistant-secretary with a sweet smile and agreeable knees of whom, or of which, Dwight becomes enamoured. At least he proposes to take her yachting, to which the assistant-secretary agrees because she has had words with her humble sweetheart, who is a clerk in a bank forty-nine storeys lower down. But the secretary opposes Dwight's Pacific intentions and Dwight, persisting, shoots him. Whereupon the secretary mounts to the roof and dives, platinum first, into the street below. I don't know how it strikes the reader, but it seems to me that this skyscraping business is the purest guff, since there is nothing whatever in this film which could not happen in a building three storeys high. There is the usual nonsense about the speed at which life is lived in New York, which again I do not believe. Indeed, a man who has been

there tells me that every New Yorker who has an appointment to keep waits, watch in hand, until he has left himself insufficient time to get there, which means that he will be compelled to put on break-neck speed, and so impress everybody else with his importance. To sum up, I found this film very funny in ways which its producer obviously has not intended. It is well acted, though I think Mr. Warren William should modify his habit of patting ladies where they sit down. The third time this happened I could not help thinking of Mrs. Patrick Campbell who in the Hackett production of *Macbeth* complained about having to sit on a green log in a puce dress while the Thane of Fife did all the talking. "Well, well," said the producer in the accents of mollification, "I'll ask Mr. Hackett to pat you!" Whereupon Mrs. Campbell is said to have replied in tones of infinite melancholy: "I hate being patted!" Thus at least runs the story for which I do not vouch. But it made me wonder whether the ladies in this film have not equally disliked being patted.



MISS JOAN CRAWFORD

This clever young English actress made a tremendous success of the part of the typist in the film version of "Grand Hotel," Vicki Baum's famous spectacle play

WATCHING NITSICHIN WIN

The Camera at the Cesarewitch



CAPTAIN C. BOYD-ROCHFORD

The occupant of Freemason Lodge, Newmarket, whose stable was represented in the Cesarewitch by Pahokee and Sandals. Captain Boyd-Rochfort, who has been training since 1923, is a nephew of that famous sportswoman, the late "Squire" Cheape



LADY WARRENDER AND MRS. KELLETT

It is well known that racing is the Princess Royal's favourite recreation (though hunting comes a good second), and she was taking her usual knowledgeable interest in Newmarket doings. With H.R.H. is a great personal friend, Mrs. Clayton of Severals House, whose son, Mr. J. Clayton, owns many good horses. Last year he sold the consistent Six Wheeler to Colonel Bryan Fairfax for the Blink Bonny Stud. Leicestershire sent many representatives to the Cesarewitch, among them Lady Warrender (who thinks nothing of hunting six days a week) and Mrs. "Flash" Kellett. The latter and her husband, Captain Kellett, have lately acquired a new house in the Quorn Friday country. Lady Durham's racing colours were registered when she was Miss Hermione Bullough



LADY DOROTHEA MOORE

Lord Denbigh's second daughter, though she does not own horses herself, is one of the most ardent supporters of racing, particularly in Ireland, where she and her husband live. Lady Dorothea met innumerable friends at Newmarket



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL
WITH MRS. CLAYTON



LADY BULLOUGH AND HER
DAUGHTER, LADY DURHAM



Bassano
THE HON. ANNE LEWIS, M.F.H.

The Hon. Anne Lewis is the sister of Lord Merthyr and was Joint Master of the South Pembroke with her late father. She now carries on alone

Hugh Thomas, and Rolie Cubitt are said to be taking the Spinney. We lose Noel, who has moved to Skeffington, Bill and Kathleen, who have been completely fixed up in the Pytchley country, and Bob and Anita, who are not coming over this year. Lexie, as usual, says she will be unable to hunt this season, but we've heard that tale before.

The Belvoir, largely due to Toby's unremitting care, are particularly well foxed, and have had a good cub-hunting season. The immaculate turn-out which, with this pack, is *de rigueur* for the field, even at the earlier meets, seems to have caused an extremely erroneous idea elsewhere that a man cannot be a sportsman without a collar and tie. A very nice recognition in the Belvoir country is the "farmer's button," in the gift of the Duke of Rutland. Those of us who do not live in the country and are not privileged to know them personally can tell at a glance that the wearer is one of the sportsmen who let us hunt over their land.

The Quorn have done extremely well, and have in addition had one or two nice gallops, the one on Monday ending with a kill in the open. While breaking up his fox George got rather nastily bitten and suffered a good deal, the hound being unaffected. This is one of the cases of the barker being worse than the biter, though a barker can be a very poisonous animal.

The Cottesmore have laid the foundations for a first-class season, and have a working pack second to none. In fact, it is almost impossible for the person of slender means to decide with which packs to hunt. Everything possible is being done for the convenience of patrons. The Quorn have signified their willingness to hunt on the Leicestershire side any time that anyone can get away, and if the other packs follow suit, and Otho Paget can get an electric hare installed in the Burton flats, what a week-end's paradise!

From the Beaufort

Only three more weeks before the curtain will ring up and regular hunting will start. Cubbing operations started early in August and the bag to date is an odd eighty brace! Master created a record by killing thirty foxes with the lady pack in three consecutive mornings! As usual the pessimists are saying there won't be many hunting with us this season, but wait and see! Only one house has been let so far, Lordington Court, to the Rev. Mr. Prodders and niece. The Hornes will be much missed as they are wintering abroad, and we only hope that Hyam will find a tenant with a good cellar! Charles and Joanie are also off abroad, and rumour has it their stud is for sale. The hunt meeting certainly was packed. Next year why not have the children as well and put them in the gallery in the squash court?

Sir Philip made what was again considered rather a "prompted" speech, but to Keith we take our hats off, as he

From the Shires and Provinces

A Leicestershire Letter

Despite gold standards, taxation, and the various blows to which we have been subjected since last season, nearly as many people as ever seem to be coming to Melton to enjoy the fruits of all the trouble the three packs have taken during the summer. Henry and Dinie are coming to Brooksby, Lady Daresbury is to hunt with us again, Grantham is full, and it is rumoured that H.R.H. may find time to get down occasionally, while Jack Aird,

certainly said what a lot were too frightened to say, and we are all very upset at being stung for another fiver a horse. They aren't easy to find these days. The major from Tetbury way read a long speech about the poor soldiers and how they should be treated. We wish some of us could change places with them free 'osses, etc. The children's pony club is going strong, and some splendid rallies took place during the holidays, and a gymkhana to finish up with at the Down Farm, in which John Harper was most successful, closely followed by Joyce. A great gloom has been cast over the whole county by the sudden and tragic death of Colonel Evie Gibbs, and our deepest sympathy is felt for Lady Helena and her family.



Bassano
MRS. C. F. PARKS, M.F.H.

Mrs. Parks is Joint Master of the Mendip this season with her husband, Captain C. F. Parks. The Mendip are one of the next-door neighbours of the Beaulort

From the Fernie

With the regular season close upon us and a successful cub-hunting campaign left behind, we look forward once again to days in the saddle when hounds will be running all out behind a straight-necked fox over the cream of Leicestershire.

With a fit pack, a capable huntsman, and a threefold Mastership—Commander F. J. Alexander having come in to share the responsibility since last season—we may well look forward to some good sport. These early morning gatherings at the covert side have brought out the keenest, some anxious to assist the huntsman, some to renew friendships after the summer interval, but all with the spirit of the chase coursing in their veins. The Scottish moors have claimed Colonel Sir Harold and Lady Wernher for some weeks, the duties of Master having fallen chiefly on the indefatigable Charlie Edmonstone, who is seldom absent. Several newcomers have taken up residence in the Harboro' country. The delightful early mornings have seen the lady trainer in charge of her racing stud giving them a look at hounds. Tales of cat burglars in the Bosworth district have rather alarmed some of the residents. Miss Mary Mills has taken over the Walhampton Bassett Hounds, and with the energetic medico from Kibworth as huntsman, will carry on this winter 'twixt fox-hunting days.



Bassano
LIEUT.-COL. R. MILVAIN, M.F.H.

Who hunts his own hounds in Northumberland over a nice bit of country lent by the Percy

From the Heythrop

If we look at our diaries, we are informed that fox-hunting begins on November 1, so in face of this interesting fact it appears somewhat difficult to explain what has been going on since August. To the ordinary mortal it would seem that we have committed a *faux pas* only equal to shooting before the 12th, but in reality this is not so, as this part of the season, devoted to cub-hunting, is the time when we take stock of the prospects of the coming season. There are at least two stock phrases which can be safely applied annually to any cub-hunting season: (1) "The young hounds have entered well"; of course they have, or they would soon have had to find the exit. (2) "Hounds were handicapped considerably by lack of scent"; but so is the plant commonly called Stinking Billy, but it just happens to be very unfortunate that foxes are not smelling quite as much this year (or any other year).

As far as our social side is concerned, nine o'clock meets have lately been productive of quite large fields, and despite rumours of stud reductions and family increases the number of people hunting will be well up to the average.

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WEDDING GUESTS AND WATER SPORTS



AT THE HILL—BARING WEDDING: (Left)—LADY MINTO AND LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT; (right)—THE HON. HELEN MILDMAY AND LADY VIOLET ASTOR



ARRIVING FOR LADY ROSEMARY BARING'S WEDDING

Above are the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Alington and Lady Malcolm, backed up by Lord Revelstoke, at Dunster Church for the marriage of Lord and Lady Cromer's elder daughter to Lieut.-Colonel John Hills. The bridegroom is Officer Commanding the Eton O.T.C., and the Headmaster of Eton, Dr. Cyril Alington, took part in the wedding service. Lady Rosemary Baring's ivory satin gown with its silver train suited her perfectly, and she also wore the lovely diamond monogram brooch sent her by Their Majesties. Among her bridesmaids, who charmingly suggested a bunch of autumn flowers, were Lord and Lady Minto's elder daughter, Lady Bridget Elliot, and the Hon. Helen Mildmay, only daughter of Lord and Lady Mildmay of Flete



THE HON. MRS. JOHN BETHELL AND FAMILY AT BUSHEY

These two pictures of the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell and her children were taken at their country home at Bushey in Hertfordshire, where a lake provides endless amusement for Guy and Jennifer. The former is four years old, and when he is permitted to take charge of the boat, with his mother and sister as passengers, he feels almost grown up. Lord Bethell's daughter-in-law was formerly Miss Veronica Connolly



HERTS AND CRAFT: THE BETHELLS GO BOATING

Photographs by Swaebe



THE DESTROYER OF DORA: MAYOR
CAPTAIN PERCY DAVIS

Captain Davis is going to succeed, let us all hope, in his determined onslaught on a lady called "Dora" and her little girl friend, Mrs. Grundy, both of whom have sat in our pockets for far too long. Captain Davis is the Mayor of Deal and his next encounter with Dora is to-day (19th), when 305 members of Parliament are wheeling into line and backing him up at his big meeting at the Albert Hall

Buckingham Palace, though she has, in this instance, the tact to turn "fishy" just where it must really be most inconvenient. Over the new Canadian War Memorial her nudity towers into the sky in the act, apparently, of being about to cast down a small crown of laurels upon the heads of the surging crowd of fully-clothed soldiers struggling below. She hangs desperately on to the walls of Australia House and the Underground main offices. Half-naked she mourns against the pedestal which supports Arthur Sullivan's bust. In fact, at the least emotional crisis her clothes inevitably slip off as a beau geste to the occasion. At all events, I have yet to admire any statue to Peace, Prosperity, or Victory without at least one naked lady dressed entirely in her own beauty or, what is worse, one negligible garment and a tactful wind. Which brings me to yet another wonder, and that is, why the wind in art is always so considerate and yet in reality it inclines invariably towards embarrassing exposure? But then I am always wondering, and laughing! And never do most of us wonder more or laugh louder than when we coldly analyse the Conventional Attitude, whether in art or manners. Which brings me to "Mortimer Brice" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) and Mr. Robert Hichens' hero of that name. A most unpleasing, self-pitying creature is he. One of those boring young men who practically cease to exist when there is no woman to play about with. And such women! Two brainless prostitutes and a show lady make up the entire existence of Mortimer Brice and his association with them almost the whole of Mr. Hichens' story. Only one fairly intelligent girl loved him, and although presumably they marry at the end—for which she has all my sympathy—I think that Brice only fell in with the suggestion because the others had turned him down. Or perhaps it was Mortimer's superb figure, of which he was inordinately and, perhaps, justly proud, which also infatuated Muriel, although, unlike the other women in his existence, she really had several ideas beyond that of a double bed in her head. The others had not. Anyway, this is the kind of young man whom Muriel picked deliberately out of the matrimonial lucky-bag. His body had just been sculptured and was on exhibition in London. Mortimer was

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Hero Without Charm.

I WISH that some witty author. Osbert Sitwell for instance, would write a book on the Excrecence of the Naked Woman in Art. Is she not the everlasting gate-crasher? No symbol in colour or stone of Peace, Triumph, or Adoration, but she strips for the occasion. She even flounders about beneath the monument of Queen Victoria in front of

terribly thrilled. He thought: "Muriel would see him naked, would see the contrast between the head of him, which she knew, and the body of him, which she had never seen except shrouded by clothes." All the same, I must tell you that in between all these "affairs" with women, if not loose, at least coming untied, Mortimer went through paroxysms of self-pity at his loneliness and failure to find love. Alas, all he really wanted was a kick up the pants! Now it is rather difficult to like a story very much in which the main character needs a kick up the pants! But such, alas, is Mortimer Brice! Of course Mr. Hichens, expert story-teller that he is, relates his history supremely well. But even his art cannot prevent us—at least, it didn't prevent me—from saying to ourselves, *sotto voce*: "Ye gods! What a crew!" For alas! none of the characters in this novel struck me as having the least significance: utterly brainless, utterly un-moral, utterly drab. And there doesn't appear to be a single person in it who possessed even the vestige of charm. Muriel may be, but having fallen in love with such a backboneless creature as Mortimer, she rather lost my sympathy. She will be more interesting, psychologically speaking, after she has been his wife for a few years. However, the novel ends with their going hand-in-hand into a cinema to see Gloria Swanson.

Such a Tender, Delightful Memoir.

To have been at the tender mercies of the late Edgar Wallace would have done Mortimer all the good in the world. In Mrs. Wallace's memoir of her husband, "Edgar Wallace" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)—one of the most charming memoirs of any husband by any wife that I have read—she tells us: "Vanity and self-pity were the two failings which Edgar counted most reprehensible." That would, indeed, have looked ominous for poor old Mortimer, who was a mass of both corruptions. Mrs. Wallace, however, gives us a tender, intimate picture of her husband which merely paints the man she knew and loved, and allows us to like or dislike the ultimate portrait. As a matter of fact, she gives us the picture of an extraordinarily lovable man, whose one fault coloured his whole life, but which, curiously enough, made him all the more lovable on its account. That fault was his extravagance. He knew not the faintest value of money. Which was strange, seeing that he had worked his way up from being a boy delivering milk to being an author with an income which was that of a millionaire's. If money could push impediments out of his way, impediments both great and small, money was forthcoming from somewhere. An example of this is given when, after a rather lean time, he received a cheque for £1,000 from America, and in celebrating the windfall with his wife at Sandown races he lost £1,200 in doing so. In the way of spending, nothing or no one could curb him. Everyone who came within his orbit, who needed help, he helped lavishly. Was there ever a more kindly or more generous husband or father? Indeed, nearly the whole of this charming memoir is the symbolical story of a thousand pounds being received and twelve hundred being spent to celebrate its arrival. One wonders what would have been the end of it all when, in the course of nature, Edgar Wallace's brain could not have churned out those thousands of words weekly. As a comparatively young man they required little effort—from him! His personality was, in fact, even more amazing than his books. The interest of sheer living absorbed him. He lived, so to speak, at top gear from day to day, and to appreciate him and to understand him was to live with him from day to day, too. His improvidence, his generosity, his kindness to everyone with whom he was associated, his love for his wife and children, Mrs. Wallace brings out all these characteristics in her book; and although she cannot help showing us some of her own bewilderment on occasion over what her



Hay Wrightson

ENGAGED: MISS PATRICIA SPICER

The engagement of Miss Patricia Spicer, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dykes Spicer and the grand-daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Albert Spicer, Bt., to Mr. Tyrrell Francis Young, son of the late Major Frank Young, R.A., was announced last week

(Continued on p. 104)

THE AUNT SALLY SPIRIT

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"There's one thing about my missus, she's a stickler for manners. If I was to go in a shop with her with me 'at on, she'd knock it off"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

husband had just done or was about to do next, we seem to share in the joy of that bewilderment, and taste a little of the fun and excitement which came from living with such a man. Indeed, her memoir is a most lovable, a most human narrative. Lovingkindness, she tells us, was her husband's gospel through life. He never preached it, he practised instead. And if, alas! he pushed this lovingkindness to such excess that after his death those he loved most dearly found themselves in a very difficult situation, it is better to suffer from an excess of a virtue than a too debilitating vice. Or isn't it?

* * *

Further Reminiscences.

Sir Herbert Maxwell calls his new book of reminiscences "Evening Memories" (Alexander MacLehose, 16s.), "small beer" on more than one occasion. Happily, "small beer" depends upon the brewer if it be merely tasteless or no, and this "small beer" has a most delightful quality about it. Sir Herbert is over eighty, and when a man gets to that age he has outgrown the trivial limelights in which man likes to stand and admire himself when younger. That is one of the advantages of growing old. You can, at least, live more truthfully. Or should be able to do so, if life has taught you any horse-sense at all; which, if it hasn't, is so much life wasted. Thus Sir Herbert is not afraid of criticizing his own life or of himself, and time and experience have given to his memories a sense of proportion towards both those he loved and towards those with whom he was out of sympathy, which makes for kindness and encourages a sense of humour. Every life has its own undoing, I suppose, and Eton and Oxford he tells us undermined much of the promise of his earlier youth. He came to Eton an eager boy, he left a happy slacker. Oxford completed the process. Oxford and the subconscious knowledge that on the death of his father he would inherit large estates and an accompanying large income. Also he was brought up a staunch Irvingite, so what was the good of effort if the Second Advent were so imminent? Alas! when inheritance occurred, times had changed, and much of the land had to be sold, and the income vanished proportionately. Also, the Second Coming was not yet. Then it was that he tells us the spur came—of necessity. There followed years of Parliamentary life. And yet, interesting though this period of his memories may be, I think that most readers will enjoy the book more when Sir Herbert is in a purely personal and reflective mood. His reminiscences resemble very much a delightfully long and discursive talk, and you like the talker better and better the longer you listen. And surely no recent volume of memoirs has contained a larger number of good

anecdotes than this one. Some, of course many of us, have heard before (that is almost inevitable when the anecdotes concern historical people), but by far the greater proportion will, I think, be new to the majority. This one, for example, concerning Labouchere. The business in the House was a Bill for the Abolition of Vaccination. A member rushed up to Labby and told him that a division would take place immediately, and asked him how he was going to vote. "Well," drawled Labouchere, "I suppose I shall vote for the Bill." "What!" exclaimed the other, "don't you believe in vaccination?" "Oh, yes," replied Labouchere, "I believe in vaccination, just as I believe in baptism. I have been baptized and I have been vaccinated, but I don't think either of them took." And this story, so typical of Ireland: "There was a house on fire in Rathmines, a Dublin suburb. The Rathmines fire-engine turned out smartly, and was playing effectively on the fire when a City of Dublin engine hove in sight. 'Oh, be gob,' cried the Rathmines crew, 'thim boys has no rights here!' So they turned their hose on the Dublin engine; the Dublin men returned the deluge, and the house was burnt to the ground."

* * *

An Introduction to Scott.

I'm afraid the "Waverley Novels" are just a name to most people. Something to be bound together with oh, so many other things to be accomplished when we peacefully grow old. Scott, perhaps, is less read than many of the old authors. Not because his books are difficult to read, but simply because the beginning of them is rather "hard going" from the modern standard of easy reading. All the same I sincerely hope that "The Waverley Pageant" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 8s. 6d.) will achieve what Hugh Walpole, who has selected the contents and written a critical introduction to each, and Wilfred Partington, who has contributed numerous notes, have set out to do—namely, to lure the reader, for whom the Waverley novels are known only by name, to know them better and by personal perusal. Some of the best passages from the novels have been selected, while linking them together, so to speak, are biographical and critical notes. To lovers of the "Waverley Novels" the volume should bring delight, while as a lure thrown out to new readers it should rope them in by thousands. In the meanwhile, here is as practical a celebration of the centenary of Sir Walter Scott as his staunchest admirers could desire. Practical, because it allows those who have not yet read their Scott to sample him in miniature, so to speak, and by sampling his work thus to be persuaded to read each of the wonderful romances. "The Waverley Pageant" is a notable publication, and everyone ought to get it.



"MR. PICKWICK" TAKES THE CHAIR
(As Chief Magistrate of the City of London)

It has remained for Mr. E. T. Reed to discover the remarkable likeness which Sir Percy Greenaway, London's Lord Mayor-elect, bears to Charles Dickens' most famous creation. What a joyous time is in store for the comic artist from and after November 9!

THE SHOWS OF THE MOMENT



ONE WOMAN (IRIS MARCH) IN A BOAT IN THE "THREE MEN IN A BOAT" FILM—AT MARLOW



Iris, Paris

ALANOVA
COMING
TO
LONDON



Janet Jeavons

TAMARA DESNI AS DOLORES IN "CASANOVA" AT THE COLISEUM

The exciting picture at the top of Iris March on the Marlow weir was not so dangerous as it looks. The lady, of course, was not drowned as she is far too valuable a unit in the Associated Radio Pictures production of "Three Men in a Boat," based on Jerome K. Jerome's master-piece. A good many of the scenes were shot at Marlow, and it is Marlow Church which is in the background. Alanova, who is an Anglo-Russian, arrives in London for a series of dance recitals in November, and Tamara Desni, the other beautiful young dancer on this page, is a gipsy, and has won a big success in "Casanova," still a boom at the London Coliseum. Isabel Jeans is one of a very distinguished band going into Ben Levy's new play, "Springtime for Henry," and amongst the other conspirators are Ronald Squire, Nigel Bruce, and little Joan Barry, who has been doing such a lot of filming of late



Dorothy Wilding

MISS ISABEL JEANS IN A NEW PLAY,
"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY"

A Rugby Letter

DEAR TATLER,—The season is now a month old, even in London, and enough has been seen to give us some idea of which way the game is tending. There seems to be a general opinion that a year ago Rugby was not exactly on the up-grade, and that it was high time something was done

to take charge of the most important games. Some of them would draw additional spectators; others would not!

Refereeing was very bad at the Universities years and years ago. No tried and competent officials came down from town in those days, almost anybody was given the whistle and told to get on with it. Some of the decisions were very far from impartial, and occasionally trouble seemed inevitable, but it all blew over afterwards. Still, I remember how an indignant visiting captain once approached the referee at half time and requested information as to how his team could score. "We've dropped a goal, kicked a penalty, and got two tries, and our score is nil!" History does not record the official's reply.

Sometimes the referee got his own back. A man I know, a thoroughly competent official, but not one of the limelight brigade, was in charge of a match in which a famous Welsh club was engaged. Certain little tricks did not commend themselves to him, and in the course of ten minutes or so he inflicted three penalties on the warriors from Wales. Then he had the gratification of hearing one of the most famous of all international forwards remark to his pack, "Chuck it, chaps, he knows a dam sight too much for you!"

about it. It was evident that the ruling powers took this view, or they would not have issued their now famous circular. And, broadly speaking, there does seem to be a general endeavour to play the game as it should be played, to obey the laws in the spirit as well as in the letter.

This is all very much to the good, and is bound to result in better Rugby, which also means more attractive Rugby. We have all met people who say that they are getting fed up with the constant scrimmage difficulties and the perpetual whistle, and that the game is not what it was. Perhaps it never was, for we are all apt to regard our own generation as the best, but it has certainly been brighter and cleaner than during the last few seasons. But do not let us imagine that we can bring back the alleged palmy days of old by legislation; they can only return when force of public opinion has killed the various tricks which have gone a long way towards spoiling the best of all winter games.

The referees can help, and indeed they should, for it is in no small measure due to slackness on the part of some officials that the tone of the game degenerated. No names, no packdrill, but most of us know who are, and who are not, efficient referees. Some of them do more harm than good, and it is a pity that the daily press do not publish the names of those who are

County football has begun, and it is comforting to note that the Midlands have fallen into line in the matter of playing their matches on Saturdays. It may be that F. D. Prentice, now a

(Continued on p. xxii)



THE CAMBRIDGE SENIORS' RUGGER TRIAL

R. S. Crisp

A picture of the combined teams in the recent trial at Grange Road Ground. The game was very even, and the Colours won only by 16 points to 13. Both the sides were rated pretty good class, and the close finish shows that there was not much between them

The names in this group, left to right, are: Back row—J. L. Watson (Pembroke), A. S. Lawrence (Trinity Hall), J. F. Rush (St. Catharine's), J. G. Macandrew (Trinity Hall), G. E. Hyson (Pembroke), H. P. Skinner (Pembroke), G. W. G. Lee (Pembroke), P. R. Bowring (Trinity), A. R. Snelus (St. Catharine's), M. S. Cumming (Caius), J. E. Edwards (Trinity Hall), G. A. Walker (St. Catharine's). Middle row—L. J. Harris (Pembroke), R. A. Palmer (Jesus), J. W. Train (Clare), D. I. Brown (Pembroke), L. H. Garrett (King's), C. E. Powell (Queen's), R. G. Lewthwaite (Trinity), D. L. K. Milman (Corpus), M. S. Page (Christ's), E. M. Bainbridge (Christ's), N. A. York (St. Catharine's), F. W. L. Blaikie (Caius), H. L. Smeddle (Emmanuel). Front row—J. L. P. Reid (Jesus), J. A. Crawford (Pembroke), R. M. Marsh (Emmanuel), A. C. Lusty (Caius), C. R. B. Birdwood (Sidney), R. B. Jones, hon. secretary (Clare), D. M. Man, Varsity captain (Caius), J. I. Rees (St. John's), W. H. Leather (King's), E. B. Pope (Clare), G. E. Delafield (Jesus), F. D. G. O'Dwyer (Jesus), J. E. Bowcott (St. Catharine's)



THE OXFORD SENIORS' RUGGER TRIAL

R. S. Crisp

A group of the combined Whites v. Colours teams in the recent trial. The Whites beat Colours 10 points to 6—a close thing—and the form was held to be most encouraging. D. T. P. Lewis played very well for the Whites, and H. G. Owen-Smith for the Colours. S. L. Wade and J. R. Park were the pick of the three-quarters

The names in this picture, left to right, are: Back row—J. R. Park (Keble), H. E. Packer (St. Edmund's Hall), E. H. Ashton (New College), D. T. P. Lewis (Keble), P. Gamon (St. John's), A. H. Mahler (Trinity), C. C. Reid (St. Edmund's Hall), A. Monkman (St. Edmund's Hall). Middle row—J. B. Bowers (Trinity), C. D. V. Roberts (Brasenose), H. D. B. Lorraine (Christ Church), F. G. H. Chalk (Brasenose), D. C. King (Trinity), R. E. Prescott (Trinity), D. M. Borland (Brasenose), J. Hudson (Exeter), W. W. Heath (St. John's), P. E. Letts (Magdalen), E. L. Phillips (St. Edmund's Hall). Front row—G. M. Jones (Balliol), H. G. Owen-Smith (Magdalen), M. A. H. Martin (Oriel), E. Jullienne (Balliol), C. A. L. Richard (Brasenose), F. M. Peacock (Brasenose), H. M. Kelly (Exeter), A. E. S. Charles (Worcester), S. L. Wade (Brasenose), A. G. Hopewell (St. Edmund's Hall)

SOCIETY SITTERS

The Hon. Mrs. James Beck
and Miss Joan Grenfell

Lord Glenconner's only sister, of whom two portraits are given here, has decorated society for some eighteen years, and is still one of the prettiest people to be seen about. Smart charity gatherings occupy a good deal of the Hon. Mrs. James Beck's time. A forthcoming one with which she is concerned is the Duchess of Sutherland's Ice Carnival, to be held at Grosvenor House, on November 22, in aid of the "Rosemary Ednam" ward at the Royal Northern Hospital. Miss Joan Grenfell likes London to live in, and shares an attractive maisonette with her sister. She is the second daughter of the late Brig.-General and Lady Muriel Grenfell



MISS JOAN GRENFELL



THE HON. MRS. JAMES BECK



Portraits by
Hay Wrightson

IN HONOUR OF

LADY CHAMBERLAIN, SIR JOHN MAFFEY
AND MISS DIANE CHAMBERLAINSIR ROBERT
HORNEMISS PEGGY GORDON MOORE AND SIR FRANK
AND LADY NEWNES

LORD AND LADY ALLENBY



LADY LLOYD AND LADY MOUNT TEMPLE

H.E. THE EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR
AND MRS. SCOTT CALLINGHAMH.E. THE ALBANIAN MINISTER AND H.E. THE BULGARIAN MINISTER
AND HIS DAUGHTERS, THE MISSES HADJI MISCHIEFF

King Fuad I, in honour of whose accession this brilliant reception on Oct. 10 was held at the Egyptian Legation, succeeded his brother as Sultan on Oct. 9, 1917, or Zil Hidga 22, 1335 in the Moslem calendar. He was proclaimed King of Egypt on March 16, 1922. Ahmed Fuad, King of Egypt, was born in 1868 and married in 1919. At the reception given by His Excellency Dr. Hafez Afifi Pasha, the Egyptian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Legation, 75, South Audley Street, virtually the whole of the Corps Diplomatique in London attended, as well as a very large assemblage indeed of political and also quite non-political London Society; but the leaven of ex-members of our own Diplomatic Service was definitely marked, as, for instance, on this page are Lady Lloyd, whose distinguished husband was High Commissioner of Egypt and the Sudan from 1925 to 1929; and Sir John Maffey, Governor-General of the Sudan and late of the N.W. Frontier Province in India, in which country Lord Lloyd was at one time Governor of Bombay

KING FUAD I.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH
AND LADY LEIGH



MISS STELLA BUCHANAN



H.E. TSUNEO MATSUDAIRA
AND MADAME MATSUDAIRA



SIR RENNELL RODD AND H.E. M. DEMETRIUS
CACAMANOS, THE GREEK AMBASSADOR



LADY MILLS
AND
TAKLA BEY



SIR JOHN AND LADY DASHWOOD

In this further page of flash-light, or Sasha-light, pictures of distinguished persons at H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador's reception at South Audley Street last week are many more who are more or less intimately connected with what is called—facetiously, as some people think—the “mysterious East.” Lord Leigh, for instance, whose attractive wife is seen in the same picture as the Duke of Marlborough, has been assistant private secretary to a Secretary of State for India (Lord Cross). Sir John Dashwood, who has that wonderful seat, West Wycombe Park, was in the Diplomatic Service after he left the Army, and Sir Rennell Rodd almost spells “Diplomatic Service,” since he has held such a multiplicity of Ambassadorial offices. Lady Mills was caught at a moment when she was telling Takla Bey, of the Egyptian Legation, that she had drawn something in the Cesarewitch Irish Sweep—a thing of which rumour says her husband does not approve entirely. Sir Reginald Wingate is one of the most distinguished High Commissioners for Egypt history has ever known

[Photos: Sasha



LORD JESSEL, MR. R. D. BLUMENFELD, LORD HUNTLEY
AND SIR REGINALD WINGATE

Priscilla in Paris



JANINE MERREY

Who is equally popular on the stage and the screen. She is a little rogue, and this old-fashioned description fits her exactly—a nut-brown maid—but oh, lads! you should see her in a platinum-blonde wig!

TRÈS CHER,—Our *brave bourgeois* loves to be able to think the worst of the small *clique* that, for him, represents Society, or, as we call it in this village, *le Monde*! M. Edouard Bourdet, in his new comedy, *Fleurs des Pois*, at the Michodière Theatre, gives Monsieur Durand—his—spouse—and—offsprings their money's-worth in this respect. The play is a brilliant satire, dealing with the manners and foibles of those peculiar persons known, for all that they are so often named Tom, Dick, or Harry on their birth certificates, as "perfect little ladies." There is also an entertainingly unmoral (in a different order of unmorality) character—marvellously well played by Marguerite Deval—who ekes out her income by introducing rich Nobodies into this unholy of unholies, where, in order to gain some kind of footing, they pay the piper, even if they do not go quite to the lengths of dancing to the tunes that these particular pipers play. Naturally, the great game, at the *répétition générale*, was to fit the real, Who's-Who names—the owners of which were sitting, for the most part, in the stalls and boxes—to the personages on the stage. One succeeded, unwisely perhaps, but all too well. Indeed, I am told that a certain lady (Miss-Christian-name-two-syllables-Surname-ditto) who has a great reputation for launching moneyed or amusing newcomers into this *monde où l'on s'amuse* (or one imagines that one does), left after the first act. This, however, I refuse to believe; Miss-See-Above has the courage of her convictions, and the parties she throws, even if they are paid for by her protégés, are puffed and paragraphed, and far, far too popular for her not to be excessively proud of them. I admit that I missed her after the first *entr'acte*, but that may merely mean that she changed her seat out of sheer pity for two of her dearest enemies, who were sitting in the

stalls in front of her, and who must have had stiff necks from trying to watch the stage heroine and her prototype at the same time. I hardly imagine—and C. B. Cochran, whom I questioned on the subject, endorses my opinion—that you will see this *comédie de mœurs* in London; you refused to have anything to do with *La Prisonnière*, didn't you; and Bourdet's other great success, *Le Sexe Faible*, that ran for nearly three years in Paris, was a wash-out in the States; so make a note of it that you must visit the Michodière when next you are in Paris. You may not be amused exactly, and probably your attitude will be one of lofty disdain . . . but see it you must, if only for the marvellous acting of Marguerite Deval as the sycophantic godmamma and Victor

Boucher as the parvenu who, once in the swim, refuses to take *tout ce beau monde* seriously, and is bumped off into the nice, clean, middle-class outer darkness from which he comes.

I had the joy of lunching with C. B. Cochran as he came through Paris on his return from Berlin, where he has got hold of a play that contains a splendid rôle for Alice Delysia . . . though I am anticipating a little, perhaps, in announcing it. What a marvellous *raconteur* he is, and how I am looking forward to seeing his forthcoming book of souvenirs that will be a sequel to the "Secrets of a Showman" that created such a stir a few seasons ago!

I have been, of course, this week to the Salon de l'Automobile, which I happened to visit at the same time as a pale-faced, heavy-eyed little fellow whose forlorn appearance, in the midst of his body-guard of stiff-visaged males and brawny *argousins*, seemed to me most pathetic. It was no doubt very emotional of me, but as I passed the group I gave him a little cheer all by myself: "God save Queen Helen and Prince Michael!" sez I, and was awarded a wan little smile, while a hefty sergent-de-ville stuck his elbow into the small of my back and accelerated my progress towards the exit. I often used to come across Carol at *premières* when he was—as the Americans say—"bumming around Paris" with his ginger-headed inamorata. I always loathed him, and I

wish now that I had told him so. The great feature of the Paris Salon de l'Auto this year is the tiny cars that so many reputed firms have brought out, and that hardly consume more petrol or cost more than a motor-bike. They look like sardine-boxes on wheels, but I imagine they will bring joy to thousands, as well as quite a lot of money to the pockets of bone-menders and nursing-home proprietors.

I suppose you are already wise to the forthcoming "season" that Sacha Guitry is giving in London in November? He is going to play *Jealousie*, that he created, with Yvonne, in Paris last spring; *La Pèlerine Ecossaise*, that he created with his first wife, Charlotte Lyses, before the war; and *Villa à Vendre*, that is a recent one-act play. His leading ladies will be Madeline Renaud of the Comédie Française, and Madeleine Lambert of the Michel; but he will play the one-act comedietta with little Jacqueline Delubac.

With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



INKA KRYMER

A young Roumanian actress not very well known as yet, but well worth watching in more ways than one. A certain Studio just outside Paris means to hide her away for a little bit longer, but it is a difficult task

TALKING ABOUT TALKIES . . .



Clarence Sinclair Bull
MAD ABOUT THE BOY: CLARK GABLE AND JEAN HARLOW IN "RED DUST"

Indo-China; with its terrific heat and blinding dust-storms, is the setting for "Red Dust," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production in which Clark Gable triumphs afresh. He plays the part of foreman of a huge rubber plantation who falls for "the woman from Saigon" (Jean Harlow), and film fans will find his love-making as irresistible as she did. Jean Harlow is the original platinum blonde

Lovely Constance Bennett thought out a stunning new notion for one of her frocks in "Rock-a-Bye," her latest starring vehicle for Radio Pictures. This was to introduce silver lamé and ermine tails to each other, using the ermine not only to decorate her shoulders, but as a fringe to the skirt. The result was all that could be desired

Yves Mirande, the dramatist, who is seen in good company on the right, has been in the States writing for the Talkies and is now the big noise at the Paramount Studios. Pretty Mary Glory is a cinema star, and Hélène Perdrière, late of the Comédie Française, has also "gone talkie" at Hollywood



CONSTANCE BENNETT IN "ROCK-A-BYE"



MARY GLORY, YVES MIRANDE AND (RIGHT: HÉLÈNE PERDRIÈRE

ENTERTAINMENTS
à la CARTETHE WIDOW,
WITH
VARIATIONS

HELEN GILLILAND AS A FAIRLY MERRY WIDOW, CARL BRISSON AS AN ACROBATIC PRINCE DANILO. BACKGROUND, 1907 SHADES OF JOE COYNE AND LILY ELSIE

MY Uncle George, who in younger days thought Lily Elsie the loveliest thing that happened to the Edwardians, saw *The Merry Widow's* first production in London nine times. He nearly wept the other night at the Hippodrome, whither he had come to prod sentiment with memory. He was not specially upset because Helen Gilliland, instead of Lily Elsie, was the luscious widow. She sang the part well, and her acting was at any rate not aggressive. My Uncle George, however, was hurt because

the ghost of Joe Coyne in 1907 did not hover above the part of Prince Danilo. He continued to murmur: "Oh my God! Where's Danilo's *lightness*, where's his *poise* and *charm*?"

I could not answer, because among the Edwardians I was a junior schoolboy; and I had missed the last revival (with Evelyn Laye) of the most famous musical comedy of them all. My only sight of the Widow had been as a student in a German-speaking country, which had long overdosed itself with the Franz Lehar tunes that set an enduring fashion in musical shows from Vienna. The tunes held a sentimental value for me as well, although *Dann geh' ich zu Maxim's* was in my memory instead of "I go off to Maxim's," and *Ja, das Studium der Weiber ist schwer* instead of "You may study their ways if you can." I also thought I remembered a lyric called "*Dummer, dummer Reiter*," now absent, and I asked whether this was a dream. Uncle

George exclaimed: "Oh my God! Of course—'Silly' Silly Horseman"! What the devil have they done with that?"

They had removed it, and its music, apparently to make room for trick "speciality" numbers featuring Carl Brisson and Tilly Brisson. As for Uncle George's continued protests, I could only point out that box-office ends had justified what, to ourselves, were regrettable means. A packed Hippodrome was applauding Carl Brisson's production of a *Merry Widow* dominated by Carl Brisson's Prince Danilo, and that was that. The single comfort for old-timers was that what the house enjoyed most was, in the first place, the Lehar lilts, and in the second George Graves, doing Baron Popoff mostly as he did it in 1907. There was the same loud laughter for Graves's well-worn gags about Hetty the Hen (with Ronald the Rooster—"a horrible bird with a rolling eye and a wet underlip") as for his newer ones about B.B.C. lectures on Bird Life in Piccadilly.

The latest revival is *The Merry Widow* for the masses. It is neither delicate nor graceful, but it moves with a hearty swing that pleases the Hippodrome multitude accustomed to broad revue. Nor have all the pre-war accessories been removed. There are the good old decorations in red and



NANCIE LOVAT AND SHADE OF THE 1907 NATALIE



DEREK OLDHAM AS A
RESONANT VICOMTE

gilt, as worn by pre-war legations and reception rooms. Statuesque girls gyrate round Danilo with the swaying simplicities of a George Edwardes chorus. As for the male chorus, enclosing the merry widow within a long line of what pre-war novelists used to call "immaculate evening dress," it seems imposingly pre-war because it is so tall and male, and so evidently does not believe in fairies. And the Balkan uniforms echo the day when any Ruritania was held to be romantic; the days before an apocryphal order from headquarters was circulated by the British Army at Salonika: "all ranks must in future refer to the ———'s and the ———'s as our gallant allies, instead of 'those ruddy dagoes.'"

Associating Jay Laurier and Francis Hope with George Graves, the fruity comics are also funny enough for any generation. Derek Oldham keeps to resonant tradition as the Vicomte de Jolidon; Nancy Lovat makes a personable Natalie. It is the sentimental rôles that have suffered a change for the worse. Helen Gilliland needs all her good voice and pleasant bloneness to compensate for faint glamour and loose gesturing



POPOFF GOES ON GAGGING: GEORGE GRAVES WITH JAY LAURIER AND GEORGE GRAVES'S 1907 SELF

with the arms. Tilly Brisson is rather out of the picture as Frou-frou; she does a cabaret dancer not à la Maxim but intensively modern, with spangles and jerky acrobatics and all. The female multitude's *frisson* from watching Carl Brisson does not redeem the heavy speech and mannerisms that accompany his lightfooted movements. Instead of using airiness to carry off Danilo's absurd estrangements from the widow, he applies boyish sulkiness. Joe Coyne could not have been so flamboyant had he tried it for a bet or a burlesque. I have looked up *The Tatler's* notice of the 1907 presentation, and found a reference to "Mr. Coyne's exquisite sense of comedy." It is only Mr. Brisson's clothes that are here exquisite.

The same notice, incidentally, gives a line of praise for the part of Fi-Fi, by a young actress named Mabel Russell. Fi-Fi is not even mentioned on the programme of the Hippodrome version. I shall not mention this to Uncle George unless a bottle of sal-volatile is handy. ALAN BOTT.

THE WINDMILL'S THOUSANDTH

THE Windmill Theatre, off the Piccadilly end of Shaftesbury Avenue, is licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to Mrs. Laura Henderson, who set a craze, revived a corpse, is more interested in employment for others than in profits for herself, and has received in reward two nicknames.

The corpse was small-time Variety's, killed in London by revue and the talkies, and ready early this year for burial with a wreath from the Palladium, where big-time Variety survived. An elderly, unprofessional lady then hired the little Windmill for performers without work, and backed an unpretentious show. Success lagged, but she went on backing, and doubled her risk by introducing non-stop variety for eight hours every day, without a pause. Her non-stop experiment became the non-stop craze. Success burst into the small theatre, and stayed there while half-a-dozen larger ones copied the style of entertainment. New talent in vaudeville was discovered by the Windmill. It passed on to stardom elsewhere, and was replaced by further new talent.

Curiosity took me to the venture's 1000th performance.

It had a well-devised sequence of turns, including three that seemed particularly good—Eric Mason, amusing magician; Kenneth Lane, comedian; and the Jubilee duettists, burlesque ballad-mongers. Dancers, soubrettes, harmonisers, and lively girls were blended in the right proportion. The show was popular, and deserved to be so. It contained nothing inartistic except its title, the ugly word "Revuedeille."

Further curiosity then led me to the nicknames. Mrs. Laura Henderson's achievement indicated that she must be a "character." The leading theatrical journal (so the programme announced) had called her Variety's Fairy Godmother. That was all very well; but the true nature of your impresario must be learned in confidence from the performers employed. Invited to remain for a reception by the Entire Company, I had time to stay for only one inquisitive question to a chorus-girl. The answer was, "Her? Oh, Susie's a looloo. We call Mrs. Henderson Sunshine Susie because she's a real looloo." Coming from that quarter, the title Sunshine Susie sounded at least as complimentary as Variety's Fairy Godmother. A. B.



A WINDMILL FRIEZE: GUS CHEVALIER, LULU ANDRÉ, A HULA GIRL, A WINDMILL GIRL, NEWMAN BROTHERS, BILLY HOLLAND, MORE GIRLS, MARIE AND MAURICE

ONE OF THE BEST SHOTS IN ENGLAND



CAPTAIN AND MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID AT HOME, AT SIX MILE BOTTOM

Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, where Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid are spending a quiet family holiday with their children, Michael and Noel, is one of the best shoots in all England, and has a reputation for hospitality, plus sport, second to none. The house is a charming one and the estate, to those who have been so lucky as to go there, is known as one of the best in England. One of the attractions for children at Six Mile Bottom is the switchback railway seen in the picture. The top photograph shows Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid in the grounds of Six Mile Bottom, with their son Michael, and the bottom one shows Mrs. Cunningham-Reid giving her son a ride on the switchback. Captain Cunningham-Reid is the ex-Member for Warrington, Lancs, and married Lord Mount Temple's younger daughter, Ruth. Her sister, formerly Miss Edwina Ashley, is Lady Louis Mountbatten.



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SCAVENG

By ARTHUR BRI



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ENGERS!

THUR BRISCOE



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to the synchro-mesh box. Second speed as quiet as top. Several types of bodywork, equally attractive, each in its own line. Ask the Local Ford Dealer to arrange a road-test. No matter how seasoned a motorist you are, you will be interested, intrigued. Taste that thrill. And in the meantime study the fully descriptive V-8 Catalogue the Local Ford Dealer will hand you, on request.

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THE "MOVIE CRAZY" FIRST NIGHT



AT THE MAY FAIR AFTER THE SHOW: MR. CLIFFORD WHITLEY, MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE AND HAROLD LLOYD



LADY ALLENDALE, MR. SEELEY AND MAJOR AND MRS. ADAIR



MR. GORDON SELFIDGE, HIS DAUGHTERS, THE COMTESSE DE SIBOUR AND THE PRINCESS WIASEMSKY, AND LADY ASHFIELD



MR. AND MRS. LESLIE HENSON, MISS MIRIAM SEEGAR AND MR. TIM WHELAN (HER HUSBAND)

There was only the one verdict about "Movie Crazy" after the recent first night at the Carlton Theatre, London—"Harold Lloyd's best ever," and that is saying a bibful. No comic film-play that has come out of Hollywood of recent times has been better done and none of them anything like as amusing. It is all about a Harold Lloyd type of real "hick" or hay-seed who tries to force his way into the studios and succeeds more or less—rather less. Harold Lloyd is at his happiest best, and the cast, including beautiful Constance Cummings, give him wonderful support. It was a real occasion, as Harold Lloyd was present in the flesh. Half-London and then some crowded into the Carlton to see it, and on this page the camera has collected a few only of the celebrities who were there, and, as will be observed, they include such hardened first-nighters as Mr. Gordon Selfridge and his daughters, and stage highlights like Miss Cicely Courtneidge, who supped at the May Fair with Mr. Clifford Whitley, who was also the host of the great comedian and his wife, who unhappily was shortly after stricken with "flu." Mr. Tim Whelan, who was with his wife and the Leslie Hensons, has been working with Harold Lloyd for the past six years



HOLDING 'EM BACK: WHEN MR. AND MRS. HAROLD LLOYD LEFT THE THEATRE

Photographs by Sasha

SMILES IN IRELAND!

SIR R. THROCKMORTON WITH LORD
AND LADY CHARLES CAVENDISHLADY DUFFERIN AND AVA, LADY HODSON
AND SIR EDMOND HODSONSIR ERNEST GOFF AND MRS. VICTOR
PARR ON THE MEMBERS' STANDAT THE RING-SIDE: LORD OSBORNE
BEAULIERK AND MISS GREGORYMRS. CHESTER BEATTY
WITH LADY WELDONLADY FITZWILLIAM, LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM,
MISS OLIVE PLUNKET AND (BEHIND) MISS BURT

Herewith results of camera activities at The Curragh on the day Loch Leven won the Irish Cesarewitch. Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish were members of the Hon. Brinsley and Mrs. Plunket's race party, and it is reported that the former Miss Adèle Astaire expressed admiration for the many pretty faces to be seen in the members' enclosure. She herself, with her delightful smile and very neat check suiting, was a most pleasant sight. Lady Dufferin was also staying with her sister at Luttrellstown, this being her first visit to the Free State since her marriage. Mrs. Victor Parr, who is seen exchanging a quip with Sir Ernest Goff, a well-known amateur rider, hunts with the Meath and owns racehorses. Miss Gregory is the daughter of the late Major Robert Gregory and of Mrs. Guy Gough. Lady Weldon has been on one of her periodical visits to Kilmorony, and her Irish friends were glad to see that she had made a good recovery after being on the sick-list for some weeks. Lady Fitzwilliam and her daughter and future daughter-in-law had a special interest in the second day's racing at The Curragh, for Lord Milton was riding. Unfortunately, neither of his horses was placed

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

**MISS FAY COMPTON, MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S LEADING LADY IN "ONCE A HUSBAND,"
AT THE HAYMARKET**

His quite countless admirers are delighted to hear of Mr. Cyril Maude's return, and will wish him and his leading lady, Miss Fay Compton, all luck in the coming play, "Once a Husband," due at the Haymarket shortly. It is twenty-seven years since Mr. Cyril Maude was at that theatre, and one of the plays of that time was "Beauty and the Barge." There is no actress on the contemporary stage with a more versatile talent than Miss Fay Compton; comedy, Shakespeare, pantomime, all come alike to her. There was a rumour that she was to be the principal boy yet once again in a London Christmas pantomime, but this presumably will not materialise.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A MOTORIST and his passengers were picnicking near a roadside spot where several other cars were parked. To his astonishment, the motorist saw a young man stealthily remove the spare can from his running-board and empty the contents into his own tank, carefully returning the can afterwards.

The watcher said nothing, but, resuming his journey later, he discovered the thief in trouble with his engine a short way on. He stopped his car and, leaning over the side, said very quietly: "I always carry a spare can of water, because I have a slight radiator leak. Sorry you've been troubled!"

The Mayor was asked to drive the first ball on the new municipal golf-course. In his simple ignorance his Worship, who was no player, consented.

When the day arrived he made a tremendous swipe, sent the ball five yards, and tore up an immense amount of turf.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mayor, turning to the spectators, "I have pleasure in declaring this course open—wide open!"

The following little tale is taken from Mr. Charles Kingston's book, "The Bench and the Dock."

A middle-aged lady who had been summoned to appear on a jury asked to be excused.

"On what grounds, madam?" asked the judge.

"Because, my lord, I do not believe in capital punishment."

The judge pointed out: "It concerns a dispute between a married couple about the sum of two hundred pounds. The wife entrusted it to her husband to buy a fur coat for her, but he used the money to back horses."

"Oh, if that's it," said the woman, brightening up, "I'll serve." Then, after a pause, she added in a reflective tone: "Perhaps, after all, I am wrong about capital punishment."

The foreman had been coaching one of the engine-wipers for promotion to fireman.

"Now, don't waste a drop of oil—that costs money," he advised. "And don't throw away the waste, either—that's expensive stuff!"

One day a railway official thought he would test the budding fireman's intelligence.

"Suppose you are on your engine on a single track," he said. "You go round a curve, and see rushing towards you an express. What would you do?"

"I'd grab the oil-can, grab the waste, and I'd jump!" said the engine-wiper confidently.

A farmer who had bought a horse returned it to the dealer the next day.

"Look here," he said, "that horse you sold me yesterday is blind. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well," replied the dealer, "the man who sold it to me never told me, so I thought he didn't want it known."



Dorothy Wilding

MISS JEANNE STUART IN THE NEW PLAY, "ROAD HOUSE"

Walter Hackett has done it again and given Marion Lorne (his perfectly charming wife) another of those parts in which she simply purrs! Miss Jeanne Stuart plays a catholic-minded young vamp, and the cast is an all-round good 'un and puts this amusing thing well over the foot-lights

The subject of the lesson had been the Quakers. "Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "tell me what you know of the peculiarities of the Quakers."

The boy stood up, but not a word came to his lips.

"How does their way of speaking differ from yours and mine?" the teacher suggested, to help him.

"Well, sir," said Tommy, "they don't swear."

The vicar was taking a walk in the garden one day when he observed his gardener hand a slip of paper to a back-door caller. His suspicions aroused, the vicar took a short cut, intercepted the caller, and demanded to see the communication. It was, as he suspected, a betting slip.

The vicar sent for the gardener. "So, John," he said, "so you waste your money on horse-racing? Oh foolish John! Oh doubly foolish John! 'Song of Love' hasn't an earthly, anyway."

"I thought, madam," said the customs official, holding up two bottles, "that you said you had only wearing apparel in this trunk? What about these bottles?"

"Oh," said the lady brightly, "those are my husband's night-caps."



Sasha

MISS VIDA McLAIN FOR DRURY LANE

The Albertina Rasch girls are part of the large force being mobilised for the big musical-comedy show at the Lane for the winter season, "Wild Violets." Mr. Hassard Short's super-spectacular show. Drury Lane is so beautifully constructed that it is one of the few big theatres where intimacy and spectacle can be combined with complete success



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brightness of eyes... the precious cachets of youth

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Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"



AT THE WESTERN COUNTIES AND SOUTH WALES RETRIEVER TRIALS

A group of the guests at these field trials, which were held recently at Wilbury Park, near Salisbury, and were favoured by the best possible weather. In this picture are included: Captain the Hon. T. Frankland, Major Despencer Robertson, M.P., Lord Vivian, the Duke of Somerset, Major R. G. Stirling, Mr. R. E. Macan, Lieut.-General H. Knox and Mr. J. Drummond-Hay

JUST one hundred and eighty-six years and six months ago there happened something at Culloden Moor which was the final act in a drama which might have made the history books tell a different tale from the actual one which they have had to tell, and in the ordinary course of events it might be imagined that 186 years was a long enough period to obliterate old animosities and jealousies. Obviously, however, this is not so, for in a letter which the editor of *The Tatler* has been so kind as to hand me, it is plain that the feeling about what happened at Culloden is as keen as ever it was at that time and for many years afterwards, particularly as regards the part borne by the Clan Macdonald, which was put on the left of Charles Edward's line instead of on the right, the position which they considered was their due. Below that beautiful picture of the battle by my valued friend and colleague in various books, Mr. Lionel Edwards, were quoted some remarks of Colonel John Buchan, in which he did but reiterate a statement which has been made by many people, including Sir Walter Scott and the great historian Sir Charles Oman, to the effect that the Macdonalds held back on a foolish point of tribal jealousy, and, though they refused to retire, they did not advance. These facts have been challenged before, but never quite so definitely as they now are by a member of the Clan Macdonald, Mr. Alex Macdonald of Broomhill, Glasgow. The hard fact that Charles Edward's left at Culloden was never broken is admitted even by those historians who have spoken of the "foolish point of tribal jealousy"; Mr. Alex Macdonald himself tells us that the Macdonalds never got to hand-to-hand fighting, but I think he proves absolutely conclusively that the old story about their standing stock still and letting their leader,

Keppoch, advance alone to his death is an ungenerous inaccuracy.

Before proceeding further I will set out Mr. Alex Macdonald's letter in full, for it is most interesting and paints a very vivid picture. Here it is:



AT KEMPTON: MRS. SOFER WHITBURN AND LORD LOVAT

In the Members' enclosure on Duke of York Handicap day. The recent fire, which burnt down the Members' stand, did not stop the racing, as no doubt the incendiaries hoped that it would. When Mrs. Soper Whitburn first started racing it was under the nom-de-course of "Mr. C. Burn." She is also a great patron of coursing

"I was greatly taken with Mr. Edwards' very interesting picture (and your letter-press thereanent) of the Macdonalds at Culloden in this week's issue. It is the first picture of the incident I have seen, and I am pleased to say that Mr. Edwards has done greater justice to the Clan's conduct than you (or should I say Mr. John Buchan?) have in your description. I regret very much to see that you have put into print that old canard (first perpetrated by Sir Walter Scott and followed blindly since by most writers) that the Clan Donald took no active part in the battle, and that their only casualty was their leader, Keppoch. This story has been flung in our teeth continuously with the reproach that, on account of our stubborn Highland pride and nettled at the fancied insult of being placed on the left wing, the Clan stood sullenly inactive while the rest of the Highland Army made their glorious but futile onset on Cumberland's Army. You account states: 'at the fateful battle of Culloden the Macdonalds stood still, refusing either to advance or retire: they stood fast, and their gallant chieftain of Keppoch, crying out, 'My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?' advanced alone to his death.' As an ardent clansman, an official of the Clan Donald Society, and a keen student of history, I should like to lay before you a few authenticated facts as to the Clan's actual conduct and casualties, and if you feel they are convincing, I think you ought to make the *amende honorable* in your periodical.

"The official reports on the battle by the Duke of Cumberland and Col. Yorke (the official historian with the Army) both state that the Macdonalds attacked three times, but being outflanked, and under a heavy fire of grape and shot, they did not come to the shock.

(Continued on page viii)

10 YEARS OLD WHISKY AT 12'6

A tot of ten-year-old Spey Royal Whisky, a dash of soda—what a very perfect drink. Worth a little formality. So taste it carefully and critically, sniff it in the glass, nurse it on the tongue and drain it at leisure. Those who respect their whisky and their palate and disdain the gulp-and-swallow methods of the uninitiated should drink this ten-year-old Spey Royal Whisky.

SPEY ROYAL SCOTCH WHISKY

If you are unable to obtain Spey Royal from your regular wine merchant, send us his name and address and we will send you a miniature bottle of ten-year-old Spey Royal FREE. W. & A. GILBEY, Ltd., Dept. T, Puncheon, Oxford Street, London, W.



You'll be glad you got GILBEY'S



TO FLY OVER EVEREST: THE MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE, M.P.

Lord Clydesdale is in hard training for the flight over Mount Everest, a hazardous undertaking, as anyone knowing the terrain will realise. Lady Houston, whose magnificent aid to aviation where the Schneider Trophy is concerned is well known, has again come forward in connection with this flight. It is hoped that the aerial surveys made will be of aid to the Everest climbing expedition which starts next May.

Art and the Aeroplane.

AEROPLANES have not so far been well served by artists, and that is one reason why those who are interested in flying should turn their attention to the exhibition to be held by the brothers Morton on Nov. 9 at the Bromhead Art Gallery. The exhibition is a graphic survey of important aeroplanes, aviators, and their associates, and will, I believe, be the first thing of its kind. Most people in aviation know the brothers Morton by sight. They are twins, and they are to be seen with their sketch-books at nearly all the important air events. They were at Calshot during the period of training for the Schneider Trophy contest, and painted some extraordinarily fine pictures of the S6B. One of these pictures—it will be on view at the exhibition—is of historic interest, for it is signed by Lady Houston and the members of the British Schneider Trophy team.

Lady Houston it was who really won the Trophy for Britain, although many other people have done their best to take the credit from her. But in these expensive international contests it is the money that matters, and it is the money that is most difficult to get. Had it been left to the Air Ministry—which was not interested—Great Britain would not now hold the Trophy, and that, the world's speed record, and the orders that go with them would have been obtained by some other country. So the Mortons' picture with its signatures should serve to remind us of the debt that is owed. The S6B makes a splendid "sitter" for this portrait.

The work of the Mortons extends from exact drawings, in which every detail is directly and precisely rendered, to the freest half-hour sketches. Many of their best things are pen-drawings with washed-in colour, and all of them, quite apart from their artistic merit, are instinct with a genuine appreciation of the aeronautical

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

atmosphere. It is true to say that that atmosphere is peculiarly elusive. It is not only a matter of technical accuracy, but also of a subtle understanding of the ways and habits of aircraft and their attendants. The Mortons' pictures ring true; that is why they will be appreciated by flyers.

A.S.T. Again.

Air Service Training, Ltd., seems to be continually "in the news." This flying school vies with princes and politicians in the attention it is attracting, especially among those who are debating the problems of selecting a career for their sons. The great thing about A.S.T. seems to be that it takes the teaching of flying seriously, and sets out to train its pupils up to professional standards in every branch of the work. The old idea that flying is a dangerous amusement for the too-too-rich has been abolished, and the truth is being inculcated that it will in the future hold out opportunities for a safe and interesting career. During September eleven new pupils joined Air Service Training, Ltd., six of them intending to take courses varying from one to four years. Among them are Herr August Hell, an Austrian; Mr. H. M. Cox, an old Carthusian; and old boys from Winchester, Rugby, Uppingham, and Charterhouse.

In addition to these, eleven pupils are taking the six months' Wireless Course. Mr. W. D. Campbell, an American, is taking extended courses in blind flying, night flying, advanced flying, and wireless on various types of land and sea aircraft; and Mr. E. K. Lee, an honorary instructor of the Singapore Flying Club, is taking the blind flying course and the course for the "B" Pilot's Licence. Mr. Lee Murray, who completed the Instructor's Course at the school last April, has returned to take the blind flying course; while Mr. E. H. Wheelwright is flying the Avro Tutor and taking a course in ground subjects prior to entering the R.A.F. next February.

Subsidies.

THE time will soon arrive when the whole question of the subsidisation of various forms of flying will have to be reconsidered. Government subsidies are the most potent form of anæsthetic; they put people to sleep and keep them asleep. Chloroform is less unconsciousness-compelling than a dose of the taxpayers' money, and, unless some definite national advantage is gained by the country, no subsidies should be granted on a long-term basis. They should be recognised—apart

from those designed to produce effects of lasting value to the Empire—as emergency measures for dealing with special conditions. At present flying is too extensively subsidised, and therefore too extensively interfered with by Government officials. Until it can shake itself loose from that interference, it can never become a really widespread activity. Among the light aeroplane organisations probably the only kind that has any real claim to a subsidy is the true flying club, not run for profit, but for the benefit of its members. But in certain circumstances it may be permissible to subsidise rather more widely, provided the subsidies are withdrawn at the earliest possible moment.

One example of the grip the Government has obtained upon flying of all kinds is the scale of landing fees. These are charged at Government aerodromes, and the unfortunate

(Continued on p. xxvi)



DOES TIME FLY?

Members at Heston Aerodrome making a simple test on the new "Air Clock," to find out if Time is also in the modern movement. The new clock is of great value to all who do their flying at Heston.



MR. CAVENDISH MORTON



MR. CONCORD MORTON

Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Concord Morton are twins, and are holding an exhibition of their pictures, mostly of air subjects, at the Bromhead Art Gallery, Burlington Gardens. The opening date is November 9. The exhibition is referred to on this page.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



OCTOBER, 1932

21st to 31st inclusive

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>21st Trafalgar Day. Celebrations on H.M.S. Victory, Portsmouth.
Racing. Newbury.
Shows. National Dairy Show, Royal Agric. Hall. Jersey Cattle, Jersey. Imperial Fruit Show, Birmingham. Dairy and Foal Show, Kilmarnock.</p> <p>22nd Fishing. Angling Festival, Brighton.
Racing. Newbury, Stockton, Towcester Steeplechases.
Exhibitions. Cycling, Camping and Hiking, Horticultural Hall.
Shows. Motor Show closes.
Rugby. Somerset v. Cornwall, Bath.
Football. Qualifying Competition, 2nd Round, F.A. Amateur Cup. Qualifying Competition, 4th Round, Scottish F.A. Cup. Qualifying Competition, 2nd Round, Welsh Senior Cup.</p> <p>24th Racing. Nottingham Steeplechases.
Festivals. Music Festival, Blackpool.</p> <p>25th Racing. Newmarket, Nottingham Steeplechases.
Festivals. Music Festival, Blackpool.</p> | <p>26th Racing. Newmarket, Curragh, Wetherby and Taunton Steeplechases.
Rugby. Sussex v. Surrey, Eastbourne. Kent v. Eastern Counties, Maidstone.</p> <p>27th Racing. Newmarket, Wetherby and Taunton Steeplechases.
Shows. Exmoor Pony Show and Sale, Bampton.
Festivals. Old Custom Oyster Feast, Colchester.</p> <p>28th Racing. Newmarket, Manchester Steeplechases.</p> <p>29th Shows. Brewers' Exhibition, Royal Agric. Hall.
Racing. Alexandra Park, Manchester Steeplechases.
Rugby. Durham v. Cumberland, Durham. Cheshire v. Northumberland, Birkenhead.
Football. Scotland v. Wales, Edinburgh. Qualifying Competition, 3rd Round, F.A. Cup.
Social. Royal and Ancient Golf Club Ball, St. Andrews.</p> <p>31st Racing. Birmingham.
Most Scotch rivers close for salmon fishing
Festivals. Old Custom: Hallowe'en; Scotland and Ireland.</p> |
|---|--|

Yo Yo contests throughout the month

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

Progress Nevertheless.

I CAUGHT a terrible tartar the other day. A few of us had quite naturally been discussing the Motor Show, when he elected to butt in. It was my assertion to the effect that I thought this was a very good Motor Show indeed, quite

one of the most notable in a long series, that brought him in with a question. It was directed at me in a curiously cold and level tone of voice which I ought to have recognized as essentially the property of a professional cross-examiner. "Can you tell me," quotha, "whether there is anything really new at Olympia this year?" Of course, I ought to have told him to go and see for himself, but like the generous-souled fat-head who is always willing to impart information (or what he thinks is information) I was lured on, and endeavoured to recall a few innovations. I mentioned the wide adoption of easy-change gear-boxes, only to be snappily

told that I ought to know that the pre-selective self-changing gear was five years old at least, that the synchro-mesh scheme was not new, and that the free-wheel had been standardized in America for two years if not more. I suggested that the killing of vibration by rubber engine suspension had some novelty. "It is considerably over a year old," he retorted, "and again Britain is simply copying America." Automatically controlled clutches, either mechanical or hydraulic, were likewise disqualified from any claim to novelty, as also were direction indicators, self-adjusting or manually adjustable suspension, stall-proof starting, and all the other straws at which I flounderingly clutched. In vain did I allude to the new race of really comfortable light cars. They were only new in scale, if new at all, and by no means new in principle! "This," I said to myself, "is a very awkward and cantankerous customer." So I ventured to hope that if he would grant nothing else, he might grudgingly concede that the standard of safety exhibited by the Olympian cars this autumn (a few of the items that contribute to it so desirably being specified) was something genuinely new. Somehow or other this innocent plea seemed to get right under his skin, for he suddenly grew warmly indignant. "How can you, a presumably

sensible adult, talk to me about the safety of a motor-car?" he cried. "You know as well as I do that ever since motor-cars stopped falling to pieces on the road, they have been perfectly safe. It's the fools and criminals that drive them that make them dangerous, and no mechanism in the world

will prevent them. Show me reduced highway accident statistics this time next year and then I'll admit that Olympia has produced something new with a vengeance!" Considerably to my relief this turned out to be his parting shot, recovery from which was sought by such adventitious aids as were to hand. We were all rather crumpled up, for most of us are when we are presented with the reverse side of the medal. Nevertheless, I am still unshaken in my belief that this 1932 Motor Show is a thoroughly good Motor Show, if only because in so many respects all the cars are so much better. To realize this you want to try them for yourself, for

their improvement is not easy to portray in words, being so much concerned with comfort, with "feel," with looks, and with other things that are not to be measured by instruments. All the same, there was something in what that rather harsh-mannered chap said about safety.



THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY RE-UNION DINNER

A group of a few of those who were at this memorable dinner, which was held at the Regimental Barracks, Shrewsbury

The names are: Seated—Major-General R. N. Reade, C.B., C.M.G. (an ex-Hon. Colonel of the regiment), Major-General C. J. C. Grant, C.B., D.S.O. (Hon. Colonel of the regiment), Admiral Sir Cecil Thursby, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. (a distinguished guest), Brig.-General G. Meynell, C.M.G. (an ex-C.O. of 2nd Battalion), and Major-General Sir John Headlam, K.B.E.; Standing—Brig.-General R. J. Bridgford, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Holmes a Court, D.S.O. (O.C. 2nd Battalion), Colonel T. Dickinson, Major T. Dix Perkin (organizer), Colonel Hooper, D.S.O., Colonel P. L. Hanbury, C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C. (an ex-Colonel of 1st Battalion), and Major J. G. Forbes. Nearly 1,100 attended this successful function. Major-General Grant, the Hon. Colonel, is G.O.C. Welsh Area and a brother-in-law of Lord Rosebery



MRS. W. AITKEN WITH THE OLD BERKS

Mrs. Aitken is said to be 76, but no one believes it—and the reason is obvious. She is one of the most popular and amusing people in the South Berks country, and she rides in the Ladies' Point-to-Point every year. This is where people should take their hats off. The snapshot was taken when hounds met at Noah's Ark, near Wantage

A Big Question.

HAVING had a hypodermic injection of cynicism I naturally looked round the Show to see its defects rather than its virtues. The truth is that I found only one of the former—and that wasn't a new one either. It is the general refusal to admit that, in car design, weight is a dominating factor. How many designers really bother about the need for keeping the weight absolutely as low as possible? Off-hand I would say very few. As a rule they work in the very reverse mode. They are not going to lower the prices of their vehicles, hence to provide visibly better value for money they must furnish them with a formidable list of refinements. All these refinements weigh something and some of them weigh a lot. There never seems to be an end to their addition. The consequence is that, whereas in 1914 the typical 10-h.p. runabout weighed little more than half-a-ton, to-day the same in fully-equipped form tips the beam at

(Continued on p xx)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



I've been helping Betty choose a car, because she thought my experience would be useful. And it's lucky I did go, because she really had no idea. First she wanted a red one, if you please! Why, she'd have to dye her hair before she went near the thing! Then she wanted one with a horn that went dee da doo daw, but I told her everyone would accuse her of copying the Higgs girl. Anyhow, in the end we found one with the sweetest little Sambo who winked when you opened the make-up case. So Betty bought it. And then I explained to her how you look after a car to make it last a long time. At least, I told her to be sure to use Castrol, which everyone says is the most important thing of all.

OLYMPIA
MOTOR SHOW
CASTROL
STAND
428
GRAND HALL
GALLERY



A BAD CASE

By ELIZABETH CAMPBELL



Dudley Tennant

"With almost sleight-of-hand, he caught the extraordinary possession and dropped it into his pocket"

THE snowy January afternoon was drawing to a close when Dr. Harrigan Drake admitted the last of the day's patients into his consultation room. He levelled his brooding eyes at the newcomer with a look that was at once sympathetic and business-like. He beheld a likeable-looking fellow of twenty-five or six with a pale and genteel face, with a reserved but ingratiating manner.

"This is your first visit, I believe," began the physician.

"Yes, but I wish to God I had come to you long ago," the other replied with nervous agitation.

"Have a seat, Mr. Laxix," said the specialist, with a glance at the name his secretary had written on a card.

Again the physician's gaze rested steadily upon the visitor. He rubbed his square jaw. "Why did you delay coming to me?" he inquired.

The younger man averted his eyes and stared uneasily through the window.

"For months I've fought the idea of coming," he answered at length. "To be frank with you, I was afraid to come."

"Afraid?" smiled the doctor encouragingly.

The other nodded nervously.

"You were afraid I might not be able to help you, was that it?"

"No, it wasn't that so much. I was afraid of the things I've got to tell you," the patient forced himself to reply.

"You need feel no uneasiness on that score, Mr. Laxix," said the doctor. "You may talk with entire freedom."

"Can I talk to you in confidence—in absolute confidence?" questioned the other anxiously.

"My patients all talk to me in absolute confidence. That is the only basis on which I can be of service to them."

"Very well," continued Laxix. "You see this trouble of mine isn't just a disease of the nerves. It goes a good deal deeper. It's a diseased condition, you might say, of the

imagination."

"Many nervous afflictions are," declared the physician. "That's what makes some of them so difficult to control."

The patient looked at the doctor with a sudden pitiful expression. "Unless you are able to help me," he said abruptly, "I'm almost certain to land in the penitentiary."

"What's the trouble?" asked Dr. Drake in a kindly tone.

The patient glanced furtively about him. "Are we alone?" he asked.

"We are quite alone."

"Can anyone hear our voices?"

"Only you and I."

"Can I depend on your secrecy?"

"You have my word of honour," the specialist assured him.

Laxix drew a long but constrained breath. "Listen," he said gloomily. "I'm a thief. I'm a thief and I can't help it. Tell me, have you ever treated kleptomania?"

"No, I believe not."

"Then, perhaps, you can do nothing for me," said Laxix with distinct disappointment in his voice.

"On the contrary, I am constantly dealing with aberrations even more pronounced and more baffling than yours," stated the physician. "To what extent have you indulged in theft?" he inquired bluntly.

"I could give you a complete record as to that," replied the patient. "I've kept it in cypher, otherwise I should be afraid of its existence. It would be a fine thing for the district attorney's office to get its hands on."

"Don't trouble yourself with details," replied the doctor. "In my profession, if we can isolate and eliminate the cause, we can effect a cure. How long have you been aware of this extraordinary impulse?"

"Ever since childhood. I began by stealing small sums of money at home, though goodness knows I always had a generous allowance. At school and college I took stickpins, wallets, even books."

"I suppose you were attracted by the element of adventure?"

"Partly."

"Did you find pleasure in stealing?"

"Yes, the keenest of pleasure."

"Ever do much in athletics?"

"No, I wasn't strong enough."

"Stand well in your studies?"

"Not very."

(Continued on p. xiv)

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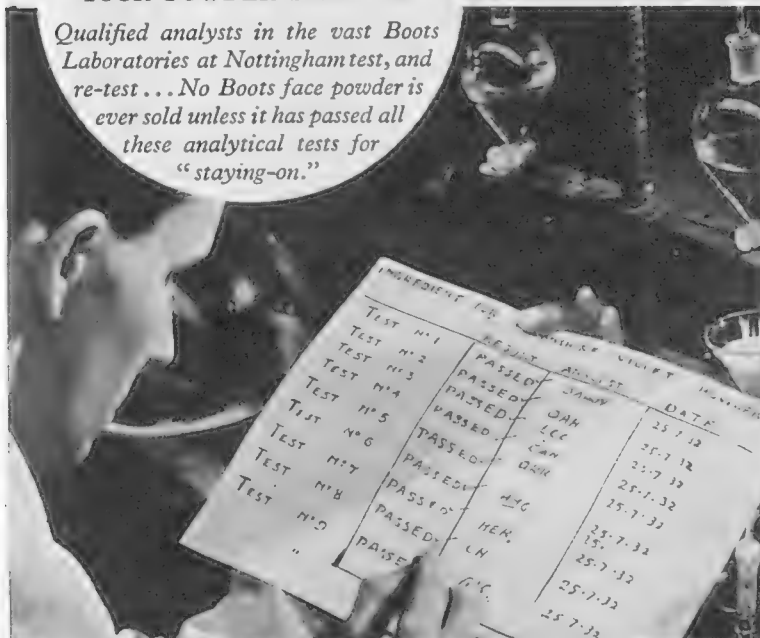
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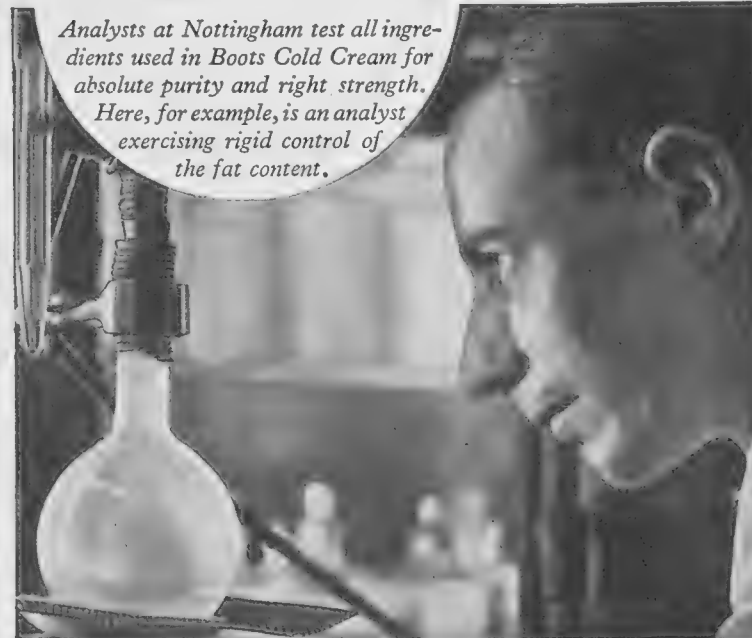
TEST	RESULT	ANALYST	DATE
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TEST N°2	PASSED	DAH	25.7.32
TEST N°3	PASSED	LEC	25.7.32
TEST N°4	PASSED	CAN	25.7.32
TEST N°5	PASSED	DER	25.7.32
TEST N°6	PASSED	HYC	25.7.32
TEST N°7	PASSED	HEK	25.7.32
TEST N°8	PASSED	LN	25.7.32
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Winners of the "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh: Mrs. Davies and Miss Lake complete with Cups

EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

MRS. V. G. DAVIES and Miss Lake are the new names on the "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes Cups, as good a pair as you could wish to see there. Looking back on the week's play they never had a really shaky round, though there was one electrifying minute when only the roof of the shed at the 16th stood between them



Miss J. Lashmore and Miss South, the new holders of the Roehampton Foursomes. They beat Miss Lampson and Mrs. Bushman 3 and 2 in the final

and defeat at the hands of Mrs. Ernest Hill and Mrs. Knight; they put out a really hot string of opponents, Mrs. Percy Garon and Mrs. Hudson; the Northern Foursomes holders Miss Beryl Brown and Mrs. Barbour; Mrs. Ernest Hill and Mrs. Knight as aforesaid; Miss Pope and Miss Bristowe from Woking to whom they gave five strokes; Miss Cotgrave and Miss Diana Plumpton, who gave them only two; Miss Firth, the ex-Northern champion, and Miss Nielson; and then in the final Mrs. Dicker and Miss Timberg, who had earned much fame by beating Miss Gourlay and Miss Bastin in their first round and Miss Amory and Miss de Gunzburg in the semi-final.

That last-named pair are one of the pleasant impressions of Ranelagh 1932. They are so young, though not so very young as some people made out, so quiet and smiling, and not in the least cocksure, that it was quite impossible to get up any international hate about the matter, and the whole gallery would quite cheerfully have seen the cups go across the Atlantic and the Channel in their keeping if things had fallen out that way. Mrs. Dicker and Miss Timberg played with just too much determination for them, and that was that; but if Mrs. Dicker had not said to herself so resolutely, "I am the only English woman in this foursome and I must not make a fool of myself," the invaders would have been too strong for them. Miss Timberg, by the way, is of Swedish parents, though she has lived and learnt all her golf in England. Big names might have vanished, Miss Cecil Leitch followed Miss Wethered into glorious obscurity on the second day, and Miss Wanda Morgan joined them a few hours later; but I doubt if the last rounds at Ranelagh have ever seen much better scoring than the semi-finalists reeled off. Miss Firth and Miss Nielson were perhaps the least brilliant of the four, but



Runners-up at Ranelagh: Mrs. Dicker and Miss Timberg, who took the winners to the 18th

there will be time enough for them to win when Miss Nielson has had a few more years of golf over her head.

It was quite a new feature to have an Autumn Foursomes dinner in the middle of the week, but that was the happy idea of the Forum Club, and a really delightful evening was the result. Lady Denman, Miss Wethered, Miss Leitch, Mrs. Claude Wilson—what could you want better as a quartette of speakers, and it is no longer any good for Lady Denman to say that the speech with which she took the L.G.U. by storm eight months ago was above her form.

The Roehampton Foursomes went off just as happily as Ranelagh.

It is always good to see players who have taken their first golfing steps in the Girls' Championship go farther afield, and Miss Mary South and Miss Joan Lashmore thoroughly deserved their win with Mrs. Bushman and Miss Lampson as runners-up. Miss Haynes Hutchinson and Mrs. Wyatt only lost their semi-final at the 19th hole, and the other prize-winners were Miss Moss-Blundell and Miss Goodliff.

Worplesdon Foursomes, the first two days of them, can only be done scant justice this week. At the moment of going to press only one couple, whom all the world wrote down as likely survivors beforehand, actually survive, and even that is not quite as it ought to have been because Mr. Bernard Darwin fell ill, and his place was



At Worplesdon: Miss Wethered with Lord Charles Hope, who attended in an onlooking capacity. Owing to 'flu having downed Mr. Darwin, Miss Wethered was partnered by Mr. R. H. Oppenheimer



A Worplesdon Foursome: Mr. T. A. Bourn, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Mrs. R. L. Kennedy, and Major Kennedy. The latter couple won, but were themselves defeated in the third round

taken by Mr. Raymond Oppenheimer as partner to Miss Wethered. They have had some adventures so far, on the first day perhaps through their own slips, on the second because such things were perpetrated against them as the first eight holes in 28 by Miss Diana Plumpton and Mr. Dennis Kyle, to which incidentally they replied by taking the eight holes from

Continued on p. xxii

The New Décolletage

*Fashion's points
in the Model Gown Collection
at Debenhams*



Smart Evening Gown, copy of a Jane Duverne model, swathed bodice finished with large bow at back, quaint puff sleeves of satin and net. In black, white and a few colours. **12½ gns.** Various sizes.



Beautiful rich quality satin Evening Gown, copy of a Lelong model, cleverly swathed bodice gives a new décolleté line. Coatee, trimmed fur, has cape back. In Black and a few colours. **18½ gns.**

Dress only 14½ gns. Also in velvet.



Charming Evening Gown, copy of a Marcelle Dormoy model, in georgette with an attractive décolleté of velvet contrast. Various sizes and colours. **10½ gns.**

Georgette Evening Gown, copy of a Lanvin model, featuring one of the new décolleté lines which is formed by petals of self material, finished with diamanté brooch, cleverly cut skirt falls in soft lines from the hips. In Black and colours. Various sizes. **10½ gns.**



Beautiful model Ensemble, copy of a Paris model in Velour Paysan featuring a new idea for the décolleté line of a fur band in Mink, attractive Coatee with flowers of self material. Price on application.



Debenhams & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W. 1

Debenhams Ltd.



As soon as the cold weather arrives this frock may be accompanied with a fur or fur-trimmed coat. It has been designed by Peter Russell and is carried out in blue and white fancy Viyella. It is trimmed with buttons and finished with a scarf

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

There is a lull in the realm of dress parades, and one can write about fashions that will maintain their supremacy during the coming months. Among the materials for evening wear is a new angora wool, silk and wool showing various crêpe weaves, and a few with honeycomb effects. Velvet is everywhere; indeed it has to a certain extent cast over lace; lace, however, never suffers even a partial eclipse for long. Capes and coatees in every conceivable material have their rôles to play; they are enriched with fur, ostrich feathers, or marabout; these are particularly flattering. Two-colour frocks, harness, and twisted backs are among fashion's whims of the moment. The perfectly plain evening dress carried out in georgette or velvet is exceedingly graceful; it is a mosaic of small pieces that are dove-tailed together in a marvellous manner; a crease is never permitted.

An influence that has to be considered is that of the Directoire; in some instances it is subtly allied to the Princess, and it is believed that in the near future wide square cut revers will appear on the bodices, and turn-back open cuffs which may be filled up with frills of lace. Among the colours are dahlia and red wines, the latter softened with Devonshire cream.



The waist is ascending and the bolero has returned. The skirt and scarf of this frock are of brown and white check Viyella and the bolero is plain. The threading of the belt and the arrangement of the pockets are new notes

The suit on the left shows the latest development of the coat and skirt with an almost Princess silhouette. It is of brown Viyella with a small beige broken half check; the cleverly basqued coat is stitched and completed with gilt buttons

The pinafore frock—with more variety—continues its pre-eminently successful career. Quite the newest version is seen on the right; it is of red Baskella (basket-weave Viyella), the blouse and collar being of white Royalist. It wears very well



THE COSSACKS ARE HERE!



YES, like Lanvin, Nicolls have fallen for the Russian influence. The set-square shoulders, the tapered waist, the swinging skirts of the traditional Cossack greatcoat were too apt to be resisted! The wide armhole permits extra underneath without destroying the slender mondaine silhouette. The close, left-shoulder buttoning keeps you warm as a Tartar. Picture yourself in Petrouskha, tall and attenuated, with your brisk cape of caracul buttoned up to your chin, 9 gns. Katinka shoulders its way into the heart with a tiny upstanding collar and Russian blouse fastening, 6½ gns. And in Babourik you see the high neck-line, softened by a rabbit-ear cravat of velvet 5 gns. You can't realise how rich and strange these Cossack coats are till you see the rough grandeur of the materials, and the puissant Nicoll cut. Street Clothes—Ground Floor, is the place to find them. You won't see Ivan, alas! He's only put in to give atmosphere.

NICOLLS OF REGENT STREET

H. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD., 114-120, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

● 'PHONE: REGENT 1951

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



Photo: Blake

Model: Moss Bros.

Cut is of paramount importance in riding outfits; naturally they must be correct in every detail. This is ever achieved by Moss Bros., corner of King Street and Bedford Street. They are responsible for this astride habit; the jacket is of tweed and the admirably-cut breeches of cavalry twill strapped with buckskin

A Pleasant Reminder.

It was at Fortnum and Mason's (Piccadilly) dress parade that I was reminded that women are thinking about winter sports. There was a skating suit (three garments in one) with a high-necked, knitted jersey attached to close-fitting knitted knickers and flared skirt of woollen material attached at waist. The ski-ing suit was cut on classical lines, the shirt blouse being relieved with a gaily-hued tie. There were many interesting colour alliances in evening dresses; for instance, a wine-coloured frock had touches of hyacinth-blue, a blue dress had a puce sash. Particularly attractive was an ice-blue linaige evening dress with sequin belt. Another model of Empire persuasion was of deep blue panne velvet striped like corduroy; the short coattee had huge elbow-length puff sleeves.

* * *

A Grand Show in a Grand Setting.

It was at the new Malmaison Restaurant that Jaeger held a special luncheon dress show. Among the hundred specially invited guests were Lady Lavery, Lady Lymington, Countess de La Warr, Viscountess Adare, Kathleen Lady Drogheda, the Marquess of Donegal, the Marchese Malacrida, Lady Poulett, Sir William Crawford, Lady Cecil Douglas, the Hon. Mrs. James Rodney, Sir Reginald Kennedy Cox, the Hon. Joyce Montagu, Mrs. Ronald Balfour, Mrs. Hart Davies, Mr. John Loder, and Miss Dodo Watts, and among the mannequins were the Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, Mrs. Ronald Balfour, Mrs. Peter Quennell, Mrs. Lance Sieveking, and Miss Evelyn Spilsbury, also Miss Felicity Douglas of Edinburgh. The fashions for morning wear in town and country wear in general were just as fascinating as they could be. Jaeger extend a cordial invitation to readers of this paper to come and see them at 352, Oxford Street, W.

* * *

A Panorama of Fashion.

A Panorama of Fashion should have been the title bestowed on Harvey Nichols' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) dress parade; the needs of everyone as well as the "occasions" had been carefully considered, as well as the accessories which play such a prominent rôle in the toilet of the well-dressed woman. There were two tiny tots, evidently inhabitants of the nursery, who showed off the dresses and coats to perfection; they made one want the dresses for another small personage. The bride, in her graceful white satin dress, was warmly applauded; a new shade of orchid mauve had been chosen for the bridesmaids' frocks, while for the guests an autumn brown and beige. They made an harmonious picture. Yes, and there was a very dignified white evening dress of which the fabricating medium was angora wool. There were several net dresses and many of velvet, also of the modish materials that have no name. The capes were the most becoming affairs imaginable; some were of Puritan simplicity and carried out in velvet, and others were of crumpled and crushed fabrics enriched with ostrich feathers and marabout.

* * *

Autumn Frocks at Pleasant Prices.

Swan and Edgar (Piccadilly) are among those who believe in telling their clients the prices of everything. At their recent fashion parade they divided the dresses into sections, and eight mannequins wearing dresses costing 2 guineas were followed by others attired in frocks whose prices were 3, 4, and 5 guineas; there were coats from 5 to 7 guineas. Naturally there were some very lovely models representing the very newest ideas in the world of dress, but they were in a section by themselves. Now, as there are many women who are unable to come to town but would like to know more about Swan and Edgar's specialities, they must write for the illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Really everything at this establishment is a gilt-edged affair.

* * *

Correct Riding Outfits.

There is nothing about which women are more particular than their outfits; they must be perfectly cut and correct in every detail. It is no exaggeration to state that those for which Moss Bros., the corner of King Street and Bedford Street, Covent Garden, are responsible, are worn by women in all parts of the world, and have passed the censorship of the most censorious in a highly satisfactory manner. They are as successful in their habits for astride as for the side-saddle. To them must be given the credit of the astride model pictured. The tweed jacket is 50s., the cavalry twill breeches strapped with buckskin are 63s., and the boots 57s. 6d.; then it must be mentioned that this firm specialize in riding accessories, and they likewise equip men and children for riding. They would be pleased to send their illustrated brochure.

Glamorous Gowns in VELVET'S infinite variety ..

At Fenwick the glorification of Velvet is complete. What an air they have, these frocks, from tea-time onwards . . . the alluring sleekness of the new Crushed Velvet—sheer velvets of Ring and Chiffon persuasion—Fur Velvet for Coat and Capelet that boasts of ermine inspiration. And wherever a baby bolero can mask a grand décolletage—trust Fenwick to make these Velvet frocks do double duty.

* The ring and chiffon velvet gowns marked* cannot be sent on approval.

Fenwick

OF BOND STREET

69/6

*** 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.**

*** 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.**

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ * GNS.

8 $\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.

Centre to Right
RING VELVET
Dance Frock in Moss Green, fastened side-wise with Silver buttons. Also in Black, Walnut, Naples Blue and Wine. Two hip fittings. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

Left to Centre
CRUSHED VELVET
A tiny tuck-in bolero masking the flattering décolletage of this Evening Gown—makes it a Reception frock of importance. In Black, Walnut, Wine, Jade, Scarlet and Naples Blue. Two hip-fittings. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gns

CRUSHED VELVET
Piquant shoulder frills—stitched to crispness and a fascinating back. Black, White, Scarlet and Walnut. Two hip fittings. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

CHIFFON VELVET
A Flicks-frock has its many moments. In Prune Velvet, ankle length. Also in Black or Walnut. Two hip fittings. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

ERMINE VELVET
The very newest Coatlet is in Fur Velvet. White Brown and Grey. 69/6

CHIFFON VELVET
The perfection of simplicity in a rich dark Walnut. Also in Black, Naples Blue, Moss Green and Plum. Two hip fittings. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

FENWICK
Ladies' Tailors
63 NEW BOND STREET



These are the kind of dresses that women who set the fashions are wearing this season; they may be seen in Margaret Marks' salons in Knightsbridge. Two views are given of the copy of this Maggy Rouff model on the right; it is pleasantly priced at 12½ guineas, and is expressed in black satin relieved with a turquoise blue fabric that suggests crumpled rose petals; another colour may be substituted for the turquoise if desired. Below is a mediæval black velvet coat, which would most charmingly complete the scheme. There is a very special department for women who have said good-bye to the summer of life, nevertheless they wish to be smart. It was there that the model on the left was sketched. It is carried out in dragon-fly blue matt velvet and is 18½ guineas, the back is worthy of careful study as it is particularly becoming to women of dignified proportions. Furthermore, there is a splendid assortment of frocks, jumper suits, and coats

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The very attractive Coat above is designed in fine quality Persian Lamb.

55 GNS

Muff to match - - - 10½ gns

On the right is one of several new Evening Wraps in pure White Russian Ermine, trimmed with natural tails.

43 GNS

NEW 48-PAGE CATALOGUE OF FUR MODELS WILL BE SENT POST FREE UPON REQUEST



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Chepstow Place L^d
London, W.2.

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

(Continued from p. 100)

From the York and Ainsty

We are entering on another season and must consider ourselves very lucky in not having, like so many of our neighbours, any change of masters. Lord Mountgarret and Mr. David Green are carrying on with the North and South packs respectively, for the third time, each pack hunting three days a week—though the North originally only contracted for two. It says a good deal for people's keenness that, in spite of the money shortage one hears so much about, there is more hunting round York than ever before. The York and Ainsty, for instance, used to be one four-days-a-week pack but now has two packs with a total of six days, and the same applies to the Middleton; while another private pack was started last year in the Bedale country. In most districts cubs have turned up pretty well and, thanks to an exceptionally fine autumn, cub-hunting has been more enjoyable than usual. As regards the "Field" we're sorry to lose the 4th Hussars, who have just left York for Colchester after the usual stay of two years. In pre-War days it used to be four, but with fewer regiments the turn for service abroad comes round quicker.

From the Cheshire

To everyone's joy only three more weeks before hunting proper. Cubbing commenced on August 27, the bag up to date being twenty-eight brace. The Master has returned from Scotland and shows every sign of having "summered well" and now starts on his tenth season and Joe on his thirteenth, which is no mean record these hard times.

One hears of resignations in all directions which get somewhat exaggerated, but one which cannot go unmentioned is that of the Cyril Dewhursts. No family in the past could have done more for hunting, and Major Cyril with his false leg was as good, if not better, than most of us with two sound ones. However, we are sure to have with us still "the Detective and his Confederate to keep us buoyed up."

As the meets gets later both new and old faces keep appearing, one more frightened than the next, and really, no wonder, when one of our real professors was shot off into the blue at Oulton! It appears this gentleman suffers from cold knees up till October 1, on which date the "long woollens and bowler hatting" are donned together.

There are still a few who have not as yet appeared; some of course, we know, have had places almost given them in Scotland this season, the only mystery being why the ammunition was not thrown in free, too.

And as this letter goes to print, the quite too awful news of Hilda Jarmay's death has spread over Cheshire—no one loved hunting more—and she will be terribly missed by her many friends; our deepest possible sympathy goes out to Pistha and John.

From Lincolnshire

The eve of another hunting season reminds us "how quickly time flies," for it seems but yesterday that we packed up from the last. Although a few belated crops may still be seen in the fields the harvest is over and cubbing, which has been carried on with much vigour and success this year, conjures up visions of a very good season to follow. Foxes are plentiful everywhere and they have been well educated to their responsibilities. Thanks, also, to intermittent rains during September and October, the going is bound to suit the most fastidious fox-hunter. Since the leaves began to fall, however, bad scent in the woods has handicapped operations but, generally speaking, things from the huntsman's standpoint are as good as can be. Already there have been some capital darts in the open and most of the county packs report more than an average number of kills.

In the Burton country the prospects were hardly ever better, and that fine sportsman and philanthropist, Sir Julien Cahn, who presides over the destinies of the pack, has left no stone unturned to provide his followers with sport that will make their hearts rejoice. Disciples of the Blankney, Brocklesby, and Southwold have also much in store.

From Warwickshire

At it again, and surely the prospects have never been fairer. What matters is *personnel*, foxes, and goodwill. A far warmer than the conventional welcome goes to our new Joint-Master and his gallant, graceful lady. He has taken to it like a duck to water, and there is nothing of the "carpet bagger" about those two. Just old friends in a new, and we hope, long-lasting guise.

The discipline of the Warwickshire field is now of such a high order that no occasion for a Jack Spraggon is likely to arise, and with the senior partner at the top of his form, and more full than ever of hereditary venery, all seems very well.

As to foxes, they seem more plentiful and better distributed than ever before, and throughout this cub-hunting season there have ever been more survivors than slain; and things have been so ordered that those cubs most worthy of it have been given every chance of living to fight another day.



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Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service of Modern design: Teapot, 2 pints, £9 . 15 . 0. Sugar Basin £4 . 5 . 0. Cream Jug £4 . 5 . 0. Hot Water Jug, 2 pints, £10 . 5 . 0. Coffee Pot, 2 pints, £10 . 5 . 0. Tea Tray, 20 inches, £27 . 10 . 0; 22 inches, £31 . 15 . 0

Catalogues gladly sent





GO "VIYELLA— GATHERING" FOR CHIC!

The gathering of the Autumn fashion harvest begins and goes far—very far—with 'Viyella.' In especial favour are this season's self stripe diagonals, gay plaids of Scottish ancestry, and small checks—that tone in triumphantly with plain 'Viyella.'

+ +

PETER RUSSELL calls this model 'Black and White,' and chooses 'Viyella' in check design. Revers rise high—the higher they button to the neck the smarter, decides Peter Russell. He adds a decorative touch with rows and rows of 'stitchery,' repeated on turn-back cuffs and triangular pocket which is placed perkily on the left hip. A white belt—piped black—completes a distinguished Autumn model.

A WILLIAM HOLLINS FABRIC



Photographed by Shaw Wildman, at the Berkeley Arms Hotel, Cranford

'VIYELLA' Regd. STYLE FABRICS

'Viyella' for frocks: 4/11 a yard. 'Viyella' for lingerie: printed, 4/6 a yard, standard weight plain shades, mixtures and stripes, 3/6 a yard. All 31 inches wide.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., CASTLE BOULEVARD, NOTTINGHAM

● Ask your draper for a copy of a new book on Autumn styles entitled: 'WHAT TO WEAR' or send 9d. in stamps to cover cost and postage to address at left.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 124)

Colonel Whiteford (another English officer) says: "Their left column (i.e., the Macdonalds) made several attacks on our right. The advancing Highlanders were torn to pieces by flank fire of musketry and grape. The following casualties are authenticated: Keppoch (who commanded the Clan) and his brother Donald were both killed, together with Macdonald of Scothouse and twenty of his followers; Macdonald of Belfinlay, and Captain Donald Roy Macdonald were wounded. The Macdonalds of Glencoe had fifty-two killed and thirty-six wounded. (This was admitted by Macdonald of Glencoe in a statement to General Campbell when surrendering to him some months later.) In view of the English accounts, is not it reasonable to assume that many other casualties were suffered? Some years afterwards, Keppoch's eldest son claimed his father's forfeited estates, and during the legal hearing of the case (in which it was necessary for him to prove that his father had been killed during the battle) several witnesses testified to seeing Keppoch's body *when they were retiring*, thus proving that the Clan must have advanced *after* he fell. This surely disposes of your statement that 'Keppoch advanced alone to his death.' I have written you, sir, at some length on the subject, but do you blame a humble member of the Clan (to which Bruce said before Bannockburn, 'My hope is constant in thee') for endeavouring to refute a gross slander on its gallant sons who laid down their lives 'on stark Culloden field'? My Clan freely shed its blood for the cause it considered right in the '45, and it has continued to do so on many a battlefield since for its country."

It is impossible to conceive that any account other than this can be the true one, and I agree that an *amende* is exactly 186 years and six months overdue. The only demur possible to advance is that Colonel John Buchan, Mr. Lionel Edwards, and THE TATLER have sinned in very good company—that of Sir Walter Scott, a Lowlander, and Sir Charles Oman.



Pooler, Dublin

LORD AND LADY TRIMLESTOWN AT
MONKSTOWN, CO. DUBLIN

Two people who, in spite of a rather awkward situation, intend to winter in Ireland. Lord Trimlestown's house, Bloomsbury, Co. Meath, was one of those which suffered during the last "trouble." Monkstown is one of Dublin County's seaside places, and a very pleasant one at that

The only *tache* which it is impossible for Time to obliterate is what was created by the General commanding the British troops, a gentleman deservedly called "The Butcher," the Duke of Cumberland, second son of King George II. Cumberland gave no quarter; he shot 200 prisoners in cold blood, and he burnt every dwelling in the glens inhabited by the "rebel" clans. Cumberland, brutal and incompetent, was then smarting under what Saxe had done to him at Fontenoy (1745); he lost 10,000 men, and he came home in disgrace with his tail between his legs. Cumberland was also smarting under Preston Pans (1745), when an equally incompetent General had been beaten to a pulp by the Highlanders, and had failed to save Edinburgh falling into Charles Edward's hands. The old Jacobite song, "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" is not quite forgotten in the Highlands even to this day. Cumberland also had a bang on the nose at Falkirk, the well-fought rear-guard action of the Highland retreat out of England. But principally Cumberland must have been anxious to show that he *was* a General! Culloden was his only victory—a "chalk jockey's" ride. When he went back to Flanders in 1747 Saxe showed him once more exactly where he got off, and at Lawfeldt (1747) knocked him out a second time with a loss of 8,000. To me it has seemed regrettable that Cumberland ever survived to go back over seas. If he had been anything but what he was, and had had the guts, he would have shot himself after Culloden, and it has further always struck me as a pity that his command did not mutiny and do it for him. Neither Culloden nor any other internecine encounter is a "battle honour" of any English regiment. Of course, all this happened so long ago that no one on either side ought to get hot under the collar about it; but some people do, don't they? Culloden was—and is—a reproach to only one man.



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....good fellowship
and understanding
have their hour...and
once again PLAYER'S
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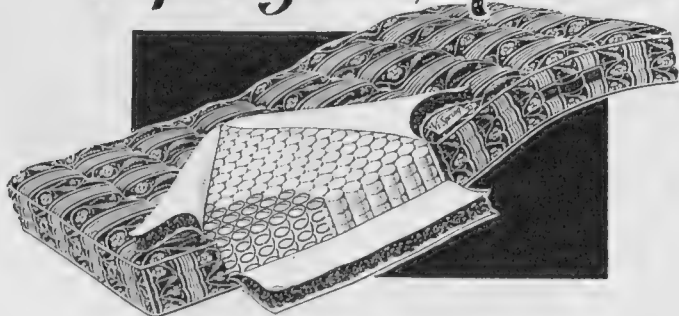
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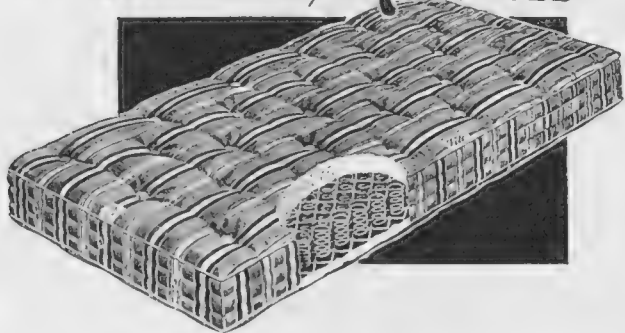
Bed equipment that ensures luxurious comfort and sound service

The 'Vi-Spring' overlay Mattress



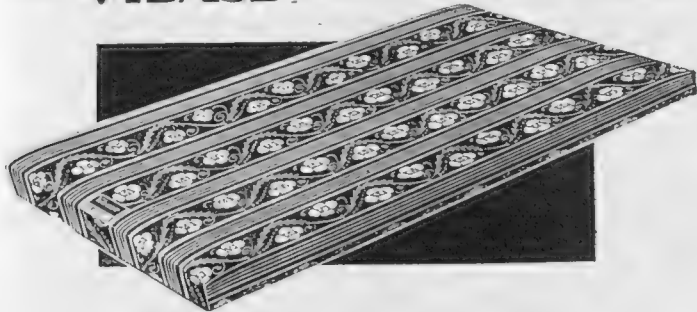
The 'Vi-Spring' stands in a class by itself. Hand-made throughout, its luxurious softness and resiliency impart a standard of comfort that can never be approached by the mass-produced, machine-made mattress. Fine quality materials and sound construction ensure for the 'Vi-Spring' a sturdiness which means years of service. This famous mattress used with the 'Vibase' Mattress Support makes the World's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

The 'Vito' overlay Mattress



The 'Vito' is a spring interior mattress, thoroughly reliable in service, yet extremely moderate in price. Its spring centre, placed between two generous layers of soft upholstery, is an assemblage of small springs (not in pockets). The unique shape and assemblage of these springs prevent their ever becoming displaced and impart to the 'Vito' a strength and resiliency that ensure lasting comfort and hard service. Though low in price, the 'Vito' is too good to be lowest, but judged by years of service it is unquestionably the cheapest spring interior mattress ever made.

The 'VIBASE' MATTRESS SUPPORT



The 'Vibase' is the most efficient support for the 'Vi-Spring' and 'Vito' overlay Mattresses. It prevents sagging and ensures the utmost resiliency to the overlay Mattress. Fully upholstered in tickings to correspond with the 'Vi-Spring' or 'Vito' it is equal in appearance and durability to the costly Box Springs, yet sells at practically the same price as the best un-upholstered supports.

Sold by all reliable House Furnishers.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue, sent post
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Miss Joyce Kennedy,

now playing in "Service" at Wyndham's
Theatre, writes:—

"**N**OTHING but Phosferine—so what more can I say when I am asked how I manage to keep in such splendid health? Even in my schooldays I derived wonderful benefit from Phosferine, and it has so built up my system that I feel there is nothing to compare with it. As everyone knows, stage work always means late hours and insufficient rest, which undermines one's staying powers, and I am sure Phosferine prevents the strain becoming insupportable, as it keeps me in such a splendidly fit and healthy condition, with a reserve of vitality to meet all emergencies. Usually, to feel well on the stage means that one looks well, so naturally I have a warm appreciation for the assistance Phosferine is to my well-being and efficiency."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
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Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.



MR. GEORGE A. HOLMDEN AND MISS DIANA ASKEW

Lenore

Whose engagement was recently announced. Miss Diana Askew is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Askew of Patteson Court, Nutfield, Surrey, and her fiancé is the only son of Sir Osborn Holmden, K.B.E., and Lady Holmden

Marrying Abroad.

Some time in December Mr. George Cochrane Stockwell, the Seaforth High-landers, is marrying Miss Evelyn Heywood, and the wedding will take place at Cairo; Lieutenant Edward Gavin Heywood-Lonsdale, R.N., is marrying Miss June Shakespeare at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Gibraltar, on November 3; Dr. Humphrey A. Gilkes, M.C., Rhodesian Medical Service, and Miss Peggie Hodge are being married at Capetown in December; and on December 26 Dr. Arthur Williams is marrying Miss Molly McConnell at Namirembe, Uganda.

This Month.

On October 20 Mr. Stanley Paterson Grounds and Miss Freda Mary Ransford are to be married at St. Clement Danes, Strand; another wedding at St. Clement Danes is that between Mr. Shirley Worthington and Miss Molly Whitley, which will take place quietly on the 27th; the 22nd is the date fixed

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

for the marriage between Captain Julian G. Hume, Royal Marines, and Miss Ida M. MacIntyre, which takes place at Old St. Paul's Church, Jeffrey Street, Edinburgh.

Recently Engaged.

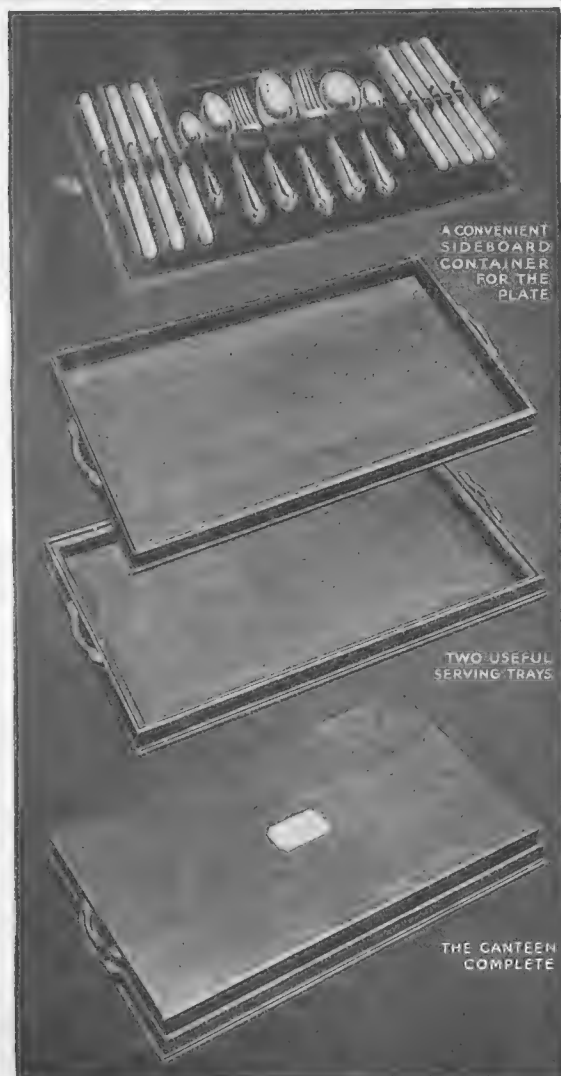
Surgeon-Commander Walter E. Heath, R.N., the younger son of the late Mr. Edwin Heath of Derby, and Mrs. Heath of Windyridge, Long Ashton, Bristol, and Miss Dorothy Hall, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenley Hall of The Towers, Saltash, Cornwall; Mr. Collingwood Knight, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. D. Knight of Limuru, Kenya Colony, and Miss Betty Silberrad, the eldest daughter of Mr. Hubert Silberrad, late of Nyasaland Civil Service; Mr. Stewart Vernon Gilkison, Irish Guards, the elder son of the late Captain Dugald Stewart Gilkison, Scottish Rifles (Cameronians), and Mrs. Gilkison of Washfield, Tiverton, Devon, and Miss Mary Kent Gilbert, the only daughter of Mr. A. C. Gilbert of Utica, New York, and Mrs. Trotter Gilbert of Chantilly, France; Mr. Stephen Henry Eccles, the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Eccles and of Mrs. Eccles of Oakhill, Roby, and Miss Catherine Dorothy Blundell, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Blundell of Wellfield, Lathom, Lancashire; Mr. Dudley G. D. Greenhough, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Greenhough of Bickley Court, Bickley, Kent, and Miss Eileen May Bentley, the only daughter of Mrs. A. Pemberton of The Rosary, Oadby, near Leicester; Mr. Robert George William Melsome, the Northamptonshire Regiment, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Melsome of The Brows, Liss, Hampshire, and Miss Hilary Crawford, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Crawford of Shanghai, China.



Hay Wrightson

MISS HELEN ROSEMARY LEES

The only daughter of the late Captain Gilbert Lees, late of Feon, Buxton, Derbyshire, and Mrs. Lees of Walton-on-Thames, who is to marry Mr. Gerald John Hamilton, the third son of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. A. H. Hamilton of Dibden Manor, Dibden, Southampton



THE NEW

SOVEREIGN SERVICE TRAY CANTEEN

Services for four, six or eight persons at one Sovereign per Service.

As appealing as the lovely silver inside is this new and really useful canteen in Community Plate. The silverware is arranged on a removable pad, which fits easily into the sideboard drawer—convenient, compact and easily accessible. The top and bottom of the canteen form two handsome serving trays, in beautifully finished oak.

The canteen is ingeniously fitted to hold complete services for four to eight persons. This novel Add-a-Piece feature enables one to start with a service for four at the very modest price of five sovereigns and add further units from time to time at one sovereign per service, until the complete service for eight persons has been acquired. Obtainable in any of Community's five distinguished designs.

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With Service for four - £5 0 0 With Service for six - £7 0 0

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water
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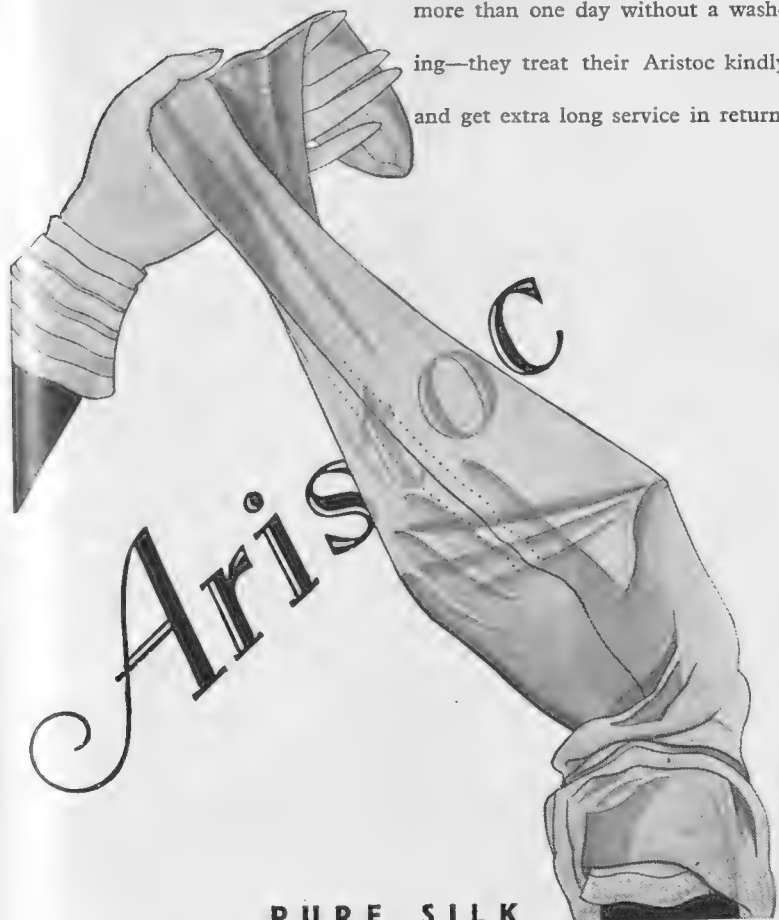


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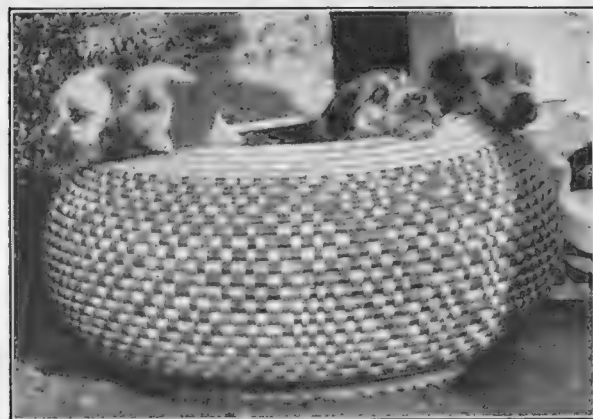
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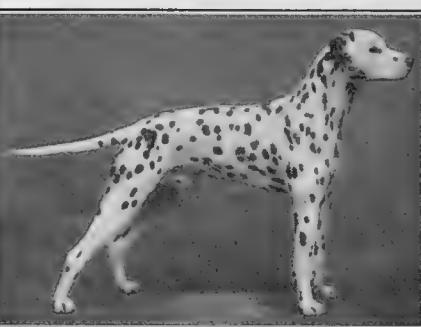
LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Kennel Club Show was a great success. The quality of the dogs shown was very high, and the Show went off without a hitch. The method of judging the best sporting, non-sporting, gundog, terrier, and toy in their respective divisions, and then having the five winners in for the decision as to the best dog in the Show, is a very good one, and there was great excitement over the final award. The famous Labrador, Ch. Bramshaw Bob, was decided the best dog in the Show. This is not the first time Lady Howe has won this cup, as some years ago it was awarded to Ch. Ban-chory Danilo. Ch. Bramshaw Bob ran in the Labrador trials the week previous to the Show and was placed third. Mrs. Walker's lovely Irish setter, Hartsbourne Vanity, was made the best bitch in the Show, so our members did well.

Meetings of the finance, show, and executive committees were held on October 4, Lady Howe presiding at the executive and show, and Lady Faudel-Phillips at the finance meeting. Matters in connection with the Open Show and with the Members' Show, to be held on November 29 at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, were discussed. It is to be hoped all members will at once prepare for this Show and support it loyally.



DANDIE PUPPIES
The property of Mrs. Milne



CH. COELAN LEADER
The property of Miss Stephens

prosperous or better. 'Ch. Coelan Leader, whose photograph is given, is a most beautiful dog. Though only two years old, he has won three certificates and over 110 first prizes, besides being many times the "best dog in the show." He was bred by his owner, Miss Stephens, who is justly proud of him. Miss Stephens has a number of puppies of these strains for sale, for show, or companions, at reasonable prices.

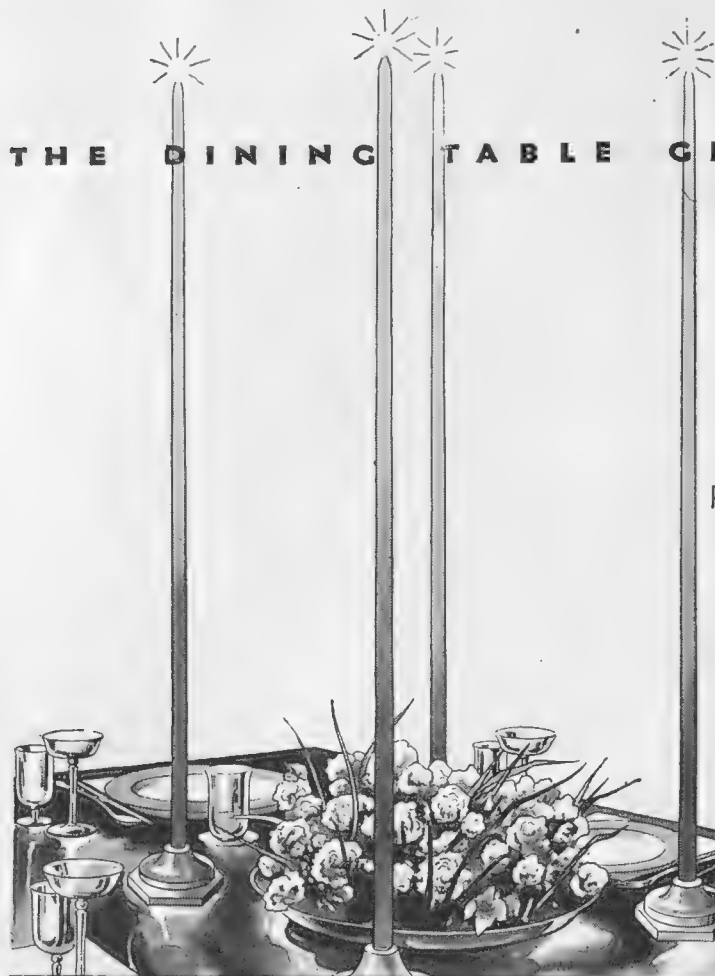
Mrs. Mannooch owns one of the best-known kennels of chows in the world. She was the breeder of the sensational Ch. Choonam Brilliantine, and many other good ones; in fact in 1930 she made three "home-bred dogs" champions, a splendid record. All her dogs are remarkable for their bone and coats and correct chow expressions. She has some very good puppies for sale, and sends a photograph of three, also some young dogs and bitches.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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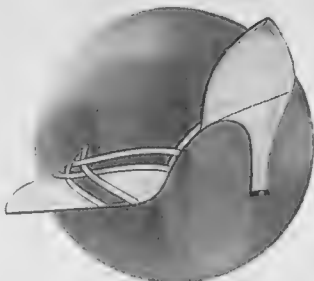
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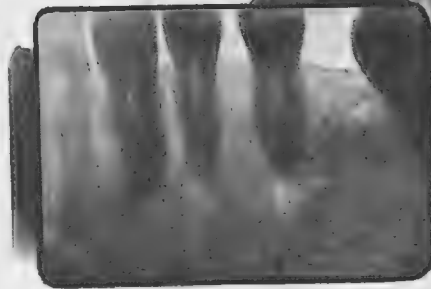
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A Bad Case—continued from p. 130

"You were secretly ashamed, were you not, of your deficiencies in sports and studies?"

"Yes," agreed Laxix.

"The inferiority complex seeking compensation in other channels," remarked the doctor authoritatively.

"I never thought of that," replied the patient.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Were you ever engaged to marry?"

Laxix made no reply.

"Why do you hesitate?" demanded the physician. "Do you not know?"

"Yes, I was engaged—at one time," came the confused answer.

"What happened? Were you cast aside?"

Laxix nodded.

"Again we have evidence of inferiority that seeks compensation in continued efforts along lines of established skill," observed Dr. Drake, gazing with comprehending eyes at the patient. "What methods do you use?"

"What methods?" repeated Laxix, evidently not understanding.

"Do you pick pockets?" asked Dr. Drake relentlessly.

"Yes, I've done even that," groaned the patient.

"Do you act largely on impulse, or do you plan your thefts?"

"Both," was the unhappy admission.

"H—um," pondered the doctor. His long, sensitive fingers tapped the table. "What particular illegality do you happen to be planning at this time?" he questioned.

Laxix moved uncomfortably in his chair. "That's one thing I want to talk to you about, Dr. Drake. On Friday night of this week, I'm invited to a reception at the Landcaster's. Do you know who they are?"

"Everybody knows who they are," said the physician.

Laxix lowered his voice. "Mrs. Oswald Landcaster will wear that famous diamond pendant of hers. I've seen it once before. It's a perfectly marvellous thing. Exquisite design ——" His face was flushed, his eyes singularly aglow.

"How do you know she will wear it?" asked Dr. Drake quietly.

"I was in Tiffany's when she ordered it to be taken from the vaults and delivered to her residence." Laxix paused. His smouldering eyes were staring intensely into space. "I know this," he went on, speaking in a nervous staccato, "if she wears that pendant, I'm going to make a try for it. I'll not be able to help myself. And if that happens I'm desperately afraid of the consequences. It's hardly a hundred to one shot that I could get away with it. I'm afraid I'll be caught. Caught and disgraced!" Laxix's outburst ended in a moan.

Dr. Drake regarded his patient with sympathy. He said: "Unfortunately, I'm not a magician. It is scarcely within the realm of science to cure an affliction such as yours within the space of a few days. This is Tuesday. The reception towards which you feel this morbid compulsion is on Friday, you say?"

"Yes, on Friday."

Dr. Drake pondered.

"I don't expect you to cure me over-night," continued Laxix painfully. "I know that's asking too much. But for God's sake, can't you give me something—something that would send me to a hospital, or something, until after Friday—something to protect me against myself?" implored the patient vaguely.

The doctor shook his head. "No," he objected, "that would provide only temporary relief. Besides, drugs cannot cure this desire to steal. You are asking the impossible. Now, instead of conspiring toward your absence from the Landcaster reception, I'm going to ask you to attend it."

"But I'm afraid," protested Laxix.

"Nonsense," smiled the specialist confidently. "You're going to that reception. You're going to see Mrs. Landcaster's diamond pendant. You're going to admire it. But you're not going to touch it, Mr. Laxix. You're not going to touch it."

The physician's words flowed in a smooth, hypnotic stream. "You're going to the reception. You're going to see and admire the pendant. But you're not going to touch it," he repeated, slowly, and with peculiar emphasis. "That's all for to-day, my friend," he added. "Come and see me Saturday morning. Don't forget you have an appointment with me at eleven o'clock Saturday morning."

Laxix wrung the physician's hand. "I feel better already," he said. "I don't know what it is. But I feel different. I feel changed."

"You are changed," said the physician. "You are going to obey my orders. You're going to obey them to the letter. You can't help yourself. You're going to obey. Come and see me Saturday at eleven. Good-bye."

Left alone in the spacious elegance of his consultation-room, Dr. Harrigan Drake crossed to the casement windows, and stood gazing out at the snowy twilight. In his brooding eyes was a deep and peculiar glow. His strong hands opened and closed. Suddenly he turned and went quickly to the telephone.

"Connect me with Mrs. Oswald Landcaster," he said to his private operator.

As he waited for the connection to be made, he paced the room with a gliding stride. His nerves tingled with exhilarating expectation. In a moment the connection was announced.

(Continued on p. xvi)



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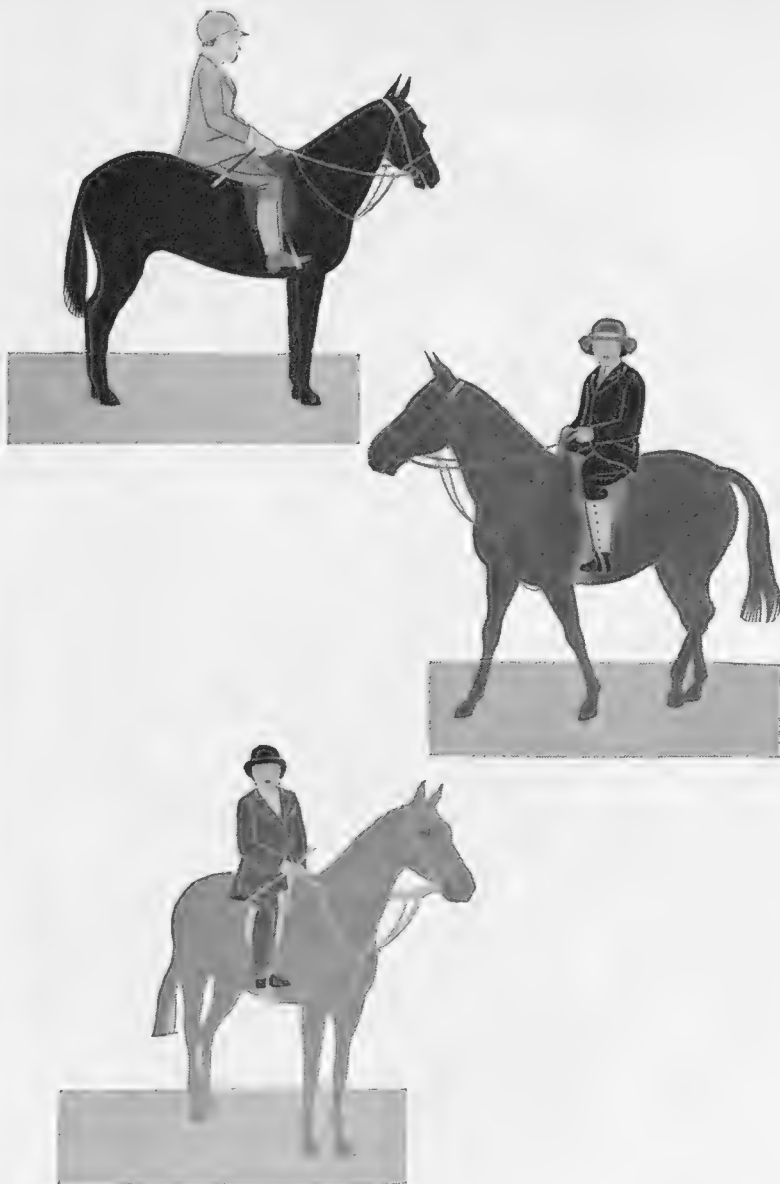
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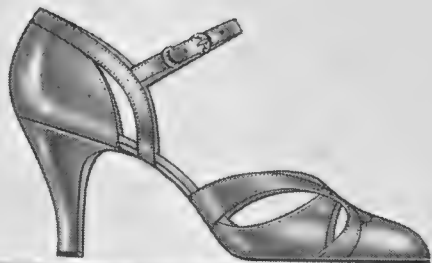
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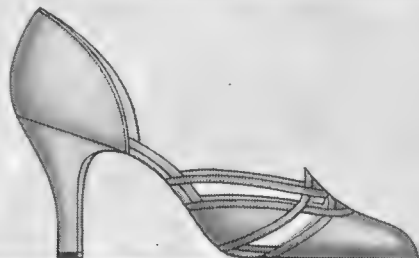
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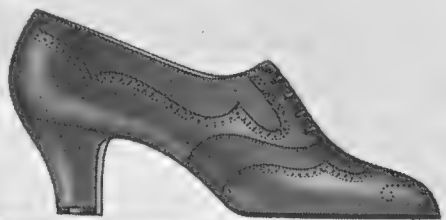
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A Bad Case—continued from p. xiv

"How do you do, Mrs. Landcaster," he was saying. "I am Dr. Harrigan Drake. I don't believe we have ever had the pleasure of meeting, but possibly you know my name."

"Yes, I know your name very well. I also know something of your work —"

"It may be presumptuous of me, Mrs. Landcaster, but I should like to ask a favour of you," went on the physician. "You are giving a reception at your home next Friday night. One of my patients will attend. I should like to be there, also, to make certain important observations with his case."

"I shall be very happy to have you," was the prompt reply.

"The request is unusual, I know," went on the doctor. "But the case is most peculiar, and the observations I speak of are highly important. I am vastly indebted to you."

"Cards will be sent you at once," the society woman assured him.

Again Dr. Drake crossed the casement and stood peering into the twilight, agitated by uncontrollable fancies. Out of the secret chambers of his mind emerged a shadowy impulse. It filled him with a delicious shudder. Before him floated the famous Landcaster pendant. He had seen it on three different occasions. Once, at the opera, it had fascinated him throughout the evening. That night, had it not been for an accident he would have got it.

The physician smiled ironically as he recalled his interview with the young man who had just departed. With melancholy amusement he thought of his endeavours to cure in another the same vicious disease he had never been able to overcome in himself.

The grave, shadowy smile played around the corners of the physician's mouth. This recurrent impulse toward theft had lain coiled within him—like a snake—since early youth. And when from time to time the moment came for it to strike, there had been no power at his command strong enough to resist. Because of it he had become a social recluse. Because of it he had never married. Because of it he had abandoned surgery and dedicated his life to the study of morbid psychology. He had grown eminent curing others. Yet he had never been able to cure himself.

His thoughts roved back over his various escapades. He remembered the bristling headlines in the papers in connection with some of his more notable thefts. Each time he had subtly contrived to cover his tracks and to keep the identity of the thief a mystery.

He recalled the sensations with which he had listened to his patient's confession. Secreted in the adjoining room behind the thinnest of panels, his secretary, as usual, had made a shorthand transcript of everything said. That confession would protect him should anything go wrong.

On Friday night, Dr. Harrigan Drake, nerve specialist and social recluse, drove to the Landcaster residence on Park Avenue. His nerves were high in key; he felt a sensation of stimulating adventure. Streams of forbidden desire coursed through his blood.

In the distinguished company at the reception, Dr. Drake soon perceived the slender figure and pallid face of Laxix, his new patient. And now his searching eyes found Mrs. Oswald Landcaster, the hostess. But her charm, her poise, her commanding beauty did not impress him, for his eyes were fixed in a glow of passionate fascination upon the pendant glittering on her breast.

From the grace with which Dr. Harrigan Drake moved about among the guests, and from the casual ease with which he conversed, no one could have known with what inner, unseen anxiety he was manœuvring for position.

At eleven o'clock his moment came. The minute nippers concealed in his hand suddenly opened their jaws and then bit. With almost sleight-of-hand, he caught the extraordinary possession and dropped it into his pocket.

A burning blur overcast his eyes. He swung indolently on his heel, and started indifferently away. At first he was unconscious of footsteps by his side. Only gradually did he become aware of a slender figure and pallid face near by.

"Ah, Mr. Laxix," he said lightly, recognizing his patient. "Don't forget your appointment with me at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Eleven o'clock it is, Dr. Drake," said Laxix with a smile. "But it won't be at your office. I'm afraid it will have to be in Sing Sing."

Drake's face went white.

"I've got you, just where I want you," went on Laxix with the same little smile. A handcuff clicked.

"Before we start, I'll relieve you of the pendant. Our hostess will be missing it in a moment." Laxix reached into his captive's pocket, handed the pendant to Mrs. Landcaster's son, and hurried with Drake to a waiting car.

The physician was staring straight ahead, in his eyes an austere and tragic look.

"We've had you under observation for quite a while, doctor," Laxix was saying pleasantly, as the car moved rapidly forward. "A number of times you were curiously near when articles of value disappeared so mysteriously. I congratulate you on the way you handled the little nipper. You are indeed a nerve specialist. This was one of the finest exhibitions of nerve I ever saw. And, by the way, don't forget to send me a bill for Tuesday's consultation. I think the cure will be permanent; so name your own fee."



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THE MOTOR SHOW

Of Varied Interest

A great many people suppose that they have "done" the Motor Show when they have completed a circuit of the complete car and coach-work stands, whereas to leave it at this point is to lose a great deal of its interest. Most of us will be intrigued by the exhibition of new cars that we justly covet; on the other hand, a good many of us have existing cars out of which we want to get the most. Therefore we should do well to see what the accessory section, and the service section, too, can offer us.

Merely to catalogue the items arrayed for our delectation would occupy far more space than is at our present disposal. Therefore only a few of the most important specialities will be touched upon. The main point to bear in mind is that, although for the most part those who make our motoring easy and reliable for us have nothing very picturesque to show us, they have plenty of information to impart. One oil looks very like another, for instance. But if you visit the Wakefield stand you will probably find out how it is that this famous brand of lubricant has been used in all the cars that have ever done more than 200 m.p.h. on land and is associated with all but one of the world's speed records in any medium.

In like manner much is to be learnt from other stands which represent the purveyors of both petrol and oil, such, for example, as Shell-Mex and the Anglo-American Oil Company. Because they are competitors one does not, for that reason, hesitate to mention them in the same sentence—for long enough both have consistently striven towards the goal of perfection, attainable by more roads than one, and what they



THE CURTISS WIND TUNNEL AT THE SHELL-MEX AND B.P., LTD., EXHIBITION

Lady Cadman, wife of Sir John Cadman, K.C.M.G., being shown how to manipulate the aeroplane in the Curtiss Wind Tunnel by Captain Neville Stack. The wind tunnel is one of the features of the Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., Exhibition at the Charing Cross Underground Station, which opened on October 7

have to tell us of this endeavour is not only as fascinating as any new model, but certain to be profitable to ourselves. It is probable that the average man knows less about petrol and oil than about any other commodities which he buys with similar frequency. Now is the opportunity to repair his ignorance. A visit to stands such as these can hardly fail to persuade even the most casual that the best is the cheapest in the long run.

It is much the same with tyres. We get them with our new cars—Dunlop's nearly always—and for a very, very long time we never bother our heads about them, except (and we shall always do this unless we are very foolish) it is to give instructions to have them pumped up at regular intervals. But, even so, there is a great deal "to" a tyre, and we lose something if we merely regard it as an endlessly long-suffering servant. One would not say that it is necessary for a motorist to study tyre technique very deeply, but there is a cream of it to be skimmed. The Dunlop stand is a bowl of information.

So, too, is that of Firestone—an American name on an all-British product; the fine factory which produces it is one of the noble portals past which the motorist enters London from the west. Harvey Firestone was one of the first to realize the possibilities of toughened rubber and to embrace the idea of treating it like metal. His is an organization that has definitely made modern motoring much cheaper and more trouble free.

Another tyre-maker whose stand must not be missed by those who value themselves upon their notions of personal comfort is that of David Moseley. Products of this concern in the form of the famous "float-on-air" pneumatic upholstery have figured in nearly all the land, water, and air-speed records, and they are to be found standardized in many cars of note throughout the exhibition.

Something that must not be missed is the exhibit of the Pressed Steel Company, whose body-work on so many well-known cars never has a chance of saying anything for itself, for the simple and pleasing reason that it refuses to make any kind of noise. But you are invited to see

(Continued on p. xx)

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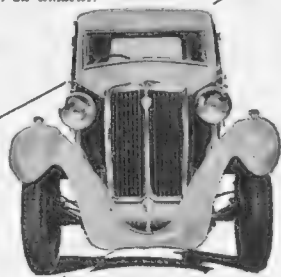
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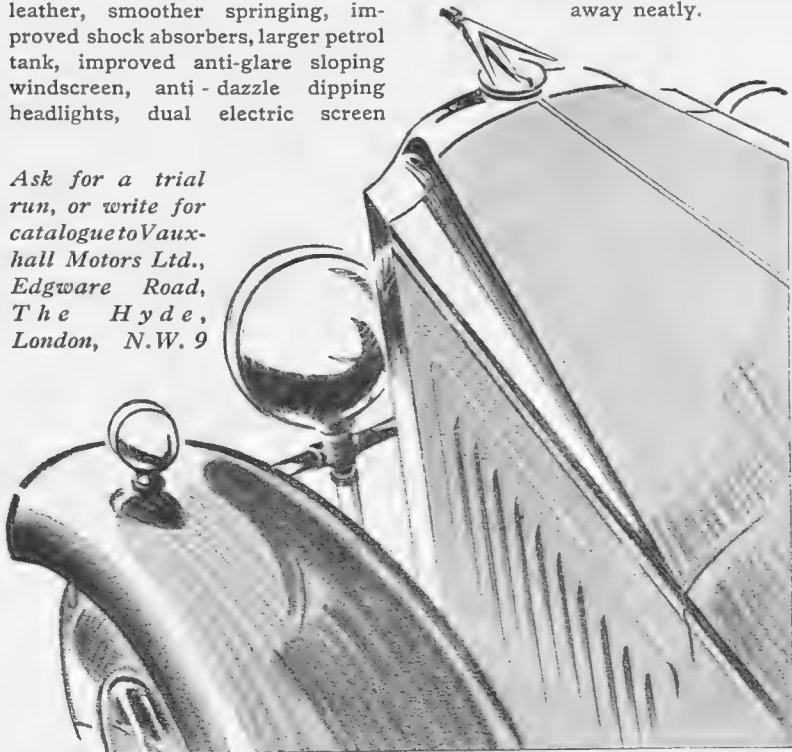
Performance. Synchro - Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

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wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

Style. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

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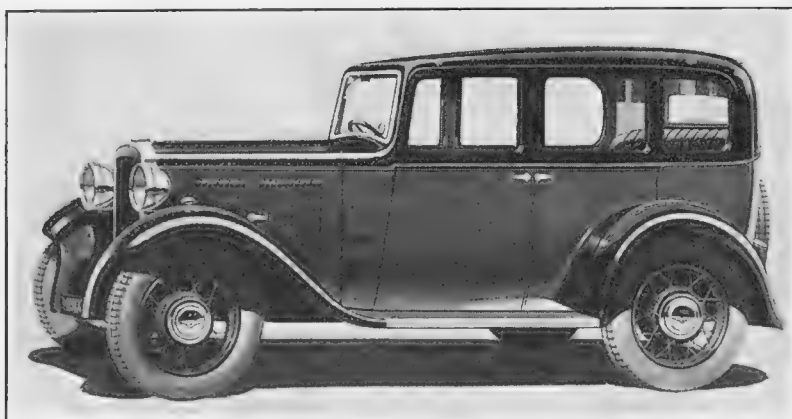


See it at Olympia—Stand No. 28

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

The Motor Show—continued from p. xviii

how cleverly it is constructed, and to admire the ingenuity which enters into its production, to say nothing of the huge organization which its materialization demands.



THE HILLMAN MINX SALOON WITH A PRESSED STEEL BODY

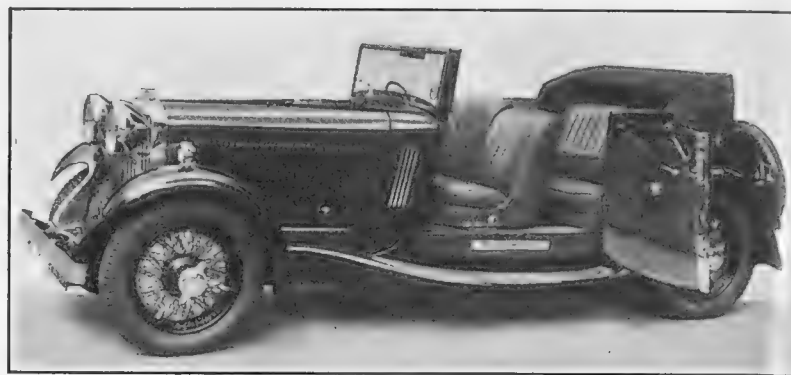
Would you learn something of those plugs that may give you extra m.p.h.? Go, then, to the K.L.G. stand, and realize that a plug is an extremely specialized though low-priced article, and learn how to get that type which will give the best rendition.

W. G. A.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 128

about twice that figure, if not more. It goes without saying that in the meantime the engine has been coaxed into giving about double as many horses. So that squares the account for the time being, but this sort of progress cannot be continued indefinitely. What we all want is greater comfort *plus* more economy, *plus* higher performance, and these can only be made compatible if weight is reduced. Who, I wonder, is going to fire the first shot in this campaign? If it were not for the beastly h.p. tax, of which no person, outside the Treasury, that I have ever met, is in favour, it would be easy enough. We should just double

our engine capacity, and get that astonishing power-weight ratio that, so far as I am aware, is only provided in one motor-car to-day. And I don't mind confessing that it is very jolly to be shot from 10 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. in about eight seconds, because this means that you leave a great many costly cars behind. But all along the line it is the tax, the tax, the tax. If we in this country are for ever to be artificially limited in engine size, then we have no alternative but to start jettisoning weight; first by lumps, then by pounds, then by ounces, and finally by milligrams. The exploitation of highly-specialized aluminium alloys might involve our cars in a slightly higher first cost, but I doubt if we should object to that so long as we got the results. A tremendous future awaits the 12 h.p. all-in saloon that "all-in" weighs under 15 cwt. Give it only a maximum speed of a mile a minute, and it will take a deal of catching over give and take roads anywhere in the world. This combination is no dream; it could be a *fait accompli* the day after to-morrow—or the week after next. If we were not so terribly handicapped by tradition and prejudice (and tax), the British automobile engineers could do the necessary accomplishment. That he has not done it in time for this Show is perhaps to be deplored. The only thing to do is to hope that the job will be finished in time for the next. Car builders could very well do with more than a trifle of aeronautical engineering influence.



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Designed by Messrs. Pass and Joyce and built by James Young and Co. of Bromley. It is mounted on a "105" Talbot chassis

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Rolls-Royce gears were always a delight to handle, and now they are even more so. One advantage is the quick upward changes possible, but the ability to change down at 50 m.p.h. with a single movement of the clutch is very attractive."—*'Glasgow Herald' 13th Sept. 1932*

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A RUGBY LETTER—continued from p. 106

selector for the second time has had something to do with the change, but in any case it is all to the good. County matches provide almost the only chance an ordinary player has of emerging from the rut, and they should be made as important and attractive as possible. It would be an advantage, too, if they were confined to players qualified to represent England, as once upon a time they were. The Metropolitan counties still cling to their Wednesday and Thursday matches, and consequently they are greatly handicapped. One recognizes their difficulties, and remembers too that Middlesex and Kent have carried off championship honours in 1929 and 1927 respectively. But London triumphs should be more numerous; we all like Gloucestershire, but monopolies are always unsatisfactory. And why not a London County side? Even if it were not allowed to enter for the championship it would serve a very useful purpose, and would be of great assistance to our hard-worked selectors. Moreover, when there is a Colonial team on tour here, we should then have some idea of a team to represent London. Do you remember the scratch lot who turned out against the South Africans last October? Even those stolid scrum-magers ran up a total of 30 points.

* * *

Talking of tourists, the next All Blacks side will be here in a year or two, and it is to be hoped that their programme will be somewhat more attractive than those of most touring sides. They will win nearly all their matches, of course, but we need not go out of our way to make things easy for them. The system of pitting two counties at a time against them is very unpopular, the usual result being that the combined side is weaker than either singly. And there certainly should be separate games with the Army, Navy, and Air Force, instead of one against the Combined Services. They need not all be played at Twickenham, if there is any difficulty about dates at headquarters.

HARLEQUIN.

EVE AT GOLF—continued from p. 132

the 10th onwards in precisely the same total. When play started probaby eight prophets out of every ten would have picked Miss Gourlay and the Hon. Michael Scott as the best pair in; after they went down with something of a bump, 5 and 4 to Mrs. J. B. Walker and Mr. Straker, the mantle of favourite fastened on to this pair. Out in 33 the second morning seemed to confirm that distinction, but in the afternoon Mrs. Peppercorn and Mr. Giles set about them with such determination that at the 17th out went the new favourites.

Whereupon the crowd, if not the prophets who were hiding their diminished heads, decided to try and be clever no longer but to say, as they have said every year for the last dozen years, that they didn't see who was to stop Miss Wethered. Because, in the meantime there had been various other unexpected downfalls such as Miss Fishwick and Mr. Moss to Miss Doreen Snook and Mr. Landale, Miss Mary Beard and Mr. Gordon Steward to Miss Rabbidge and Mr. Beck, Miss Corlett and Colonel Hannay to the Swedish player, Fru Bauer, and Mr. Raworth, Miss Diana Esmond and Mr. Roger Wethered to Miss Newell and the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, whilst Miss Wethered and Mr. Oppenheimer had themselves accounted for no mean list of players in Mrs. J. B. Watson and Mr. Fairbairn, Mrs. Porter and Mr. de Montmorency, Miss Plumpton and Mr. Kyle, Mrs. V. G. Davies and Mr. Rex Hartley, these last after they had won at the 21st from Miss Lulu Esmond and the Hon. W. Brownlow.

There were signs that Miss Wethered was working back to her real old form, only a few putts of short dimensions here and there betraying her lack of competition practice, and Mr. Oppenheimer was playing with courage and conviction. The signs undoubtedly point to their winning. Only I have picked no winners this year. Perhaps it would be as well to keep silent.



MISS ANNE GREY IN "LEAP YEAR"

"Leap Year" is a new All-British film, and was trade-shown at the New Gallery Cinema in Regent Street on October 16



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Wearing an old fashioned ring may so easily become a sentimental habit—and while sentiment is a charming thing in its proper place, it can have such a devastating effect on *smartness*. Stick to your sentiment if you will, but, oh, lady, do see that your rings are smart! It needn't cost you more than a guinea or two!

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RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

THE Second October meeting has been as full of interesting racing as the first October was devoid of it. Cameronian, Hill Cat, Dastur, and Loaningdale made a beautiful quartette of horses in the Champion Stakes in which Cameronian redeemed his reputation by spread-eagling the lot and retiring direct from the heath to the stud in a blaze of glory.

Brown Betty showed herself to be second only to Myrobella amongst two-year-olds, but from her breeding, Friar Marcus—Garpal, she doesn't read like a three-year-old classic winner. Quite the most enjoyable display of the meeting was the game way in which little Supervisor refused to be beaten and stretched herself almost flat out to beat Flying Spear. The Cesarewitch panned out very much as I forecast, with the exception of Gainslaw, who had been pulled all to pieces by his previous race, and Son of Mint, who couldn't act in the going. Barring Sandwich and Nitsichin all the class horses were taken out of the race, and the remainder were just the bad horses that contest the few and generally poorly endowed long-distance races in England on an average of once a fortnight all through the season. On her Newbury Cup running this mare had a ton in hand if she would keep a straight course and, never having to be asked for an effort, she did so. On the running of that most discouraging-looking racehorse, Melée, at Kempton, Dorigen, who was never out of a canter to beat her at Newmarket, should win the Cambridgeshire, but her early form doesn't suggest getting the trip any too well, and in this most tricky of races I have no intention of making a serious effort to find the winner.

The Cesarewitch, being by custom and usage a particularly social meeting, any long discussion of racing and horses is out of place in this article. A more personal note should be struck, and I hope the following chatty paragraphs, modelled as far as possible on the lines of the one in a leading illustrated weekly will be read with some avidity and enjoyment.

Racing at Newmarket at the cold October meetings makes it so difficult for the face. How delightful it must be to have those enviable ivory white complexions like Lady Hillingdon and Lady de Trafford. Captain

Graves and Captain Jolliffe have much redder ones, which they preserve in the following manner: First, they let the gentle oils sink deep into the dirt-clogged pores, after which—(Aw nerts.—Ed.).

What a lot of charm is lent by the voice. Lady Chesham looks lovely and has a lovely voice. Mr. Jack Burns hasn't these attributes in such a marked degree.

How odd it is that most of our jockeys are quite small men. Kenneth Robertson and Johnny Dines are very small, while Lord Carnarvon is quite big.

Whom do you know by the following names: Wiggy, Clatterfeet, The General, Kid, Scatters.

Who has been described as "So good looking, but rather the worse for dress"?

How very distinctive are hats. Mrs. Kellet wears a small knitted cap, Sir Walter Gilbey's are specially laid down for him, Mr. Staunton saturates his in honey and flowers, while the Duke of Marlborough wears a black trilby with his spurs for watching racing, and Lord Londesborough sometimes wears none at all.

Does the dressy baronet travel for Campbell of Beaulieu?

Things I should like to have:—

- (1) Supervisor well disguised in a selling nursery.
- (2) An advance copy of "The Evening Standard" of October 26.
- (3) The pleasure of betting with people like Monty and Lord Bobs.
- (4) My winter's keep in any way before Kirby Gate.

To summarize the season one can say that the most outstanding items are Myrobella, the fastest two-year-old probably we've seen for several years, and the class of animal which has been competing in two-year-old selling plates. Apple Time must be in the first ten two-year-olds of the year, and Miss Elegance and many others are not far behind. It is hard to see how this abuse of selling plates can be prevented and, anyway, perhaps it doesn't matter very much.

Dastur has undoubtedly had a very hard season, but Cameronian showed clearly that his vintage was better than this year's. The two-year-olds at the top of the tree have consistently beaten each other, and though of the fillies Myrobella, Brown Betty, and possibly Supervisor stand out, it would take a clever man to select next year's Derby winner, though Manitoba is probably the best colt seen out in winning colours.

With these few reflections I bid adieu, with the fervent hope that all may winter well and come out full of confidence for the next round at Lincoln next March.



By appointment.

Time to think of coats

There is an odour of burning leaves and a nip in the air—time to think of coats!

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HEATING THROUGH THE AGES—No. 2



THE huge open hearth and roaring log fire of medieval times is a picturesque subject for the artist—but as for *comfort*—we can imagine the scorching heat near the fire, but beyond, a vast gloomy hall, cold and draughty! Yet even to-day the supposed "comfort" of an open fire is a fallacy which dies hard—and no wonder, when the fireside is generally the only warm spot in the house! Let us quote you for an "Imperial" Central Heating Installation—it will revolutionize your ideas of comfort, providing, as it does, a warm even temperature in every part of the house.

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TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

Grecian in Conception.

Everyone was talking about Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) programme of their parade, as all the models were given classical names, and in a few words readers were reminded who these characters were. The models were chosen to harmonize with them. For instance, Diana, the Goddess of Hunting, appeared in a tailored coat and skirt; Victoria, one of the deities of the Romans, wore an ermine coat trimmed with natural blue fox, and Vesta, Goddess of Fire, appeared in an ocelot and natural racoon coat. Many of the dresses were Grecian in conception.

Fashions for all Occasions.

There were fashions for all occasions at Liberty's (Regent Street, W.1) presentation, of fashion. It was a most interesting collection, and on all sides one heard remarks that women were determined to return and acquire one if not more models. The bride's dress was a study in graceful simplicity; it was of white satin with a long tulle veil. Standing out with prominence was a Robin Hood green velvet princess dress; it had a cape with high collar and gauntlet cuffs of old world brocade. It was noticeable that the brassière and Grecian influences were subtly mingled in some of the corsages, the former effect being sometimes suggested by braces.



A FASHIONABLE POSTICHE

Designed and carried out by M. Nicoll, 170, New Bond Street, W.1; it is waved and the graceful undulations are particularly becoming

Visit the 3-guinea Department.

A fact that was brought home to all who attended H. J. Nicoll's (Regent Street, W. 1) was that the 3-guinea department was the Mecca for all women who desire to get the very best value for their money. The needs of the slight as well as her stouter sister have both been considered. There are ensembles, suits, and frocks. In this collection there were many adaptations of the jerkin expressed in corduroy velvet. A purple model accompanied a grey tailored suit, and there was an infinite variety of berets and scarves to match.

Good News.

A reduction in price in the ever-popular "Luv-

isca" shirts and pyjamas is announced by the manufacturers, and a "Luvisca" shirt, with two collars to match, can now be obtained from leading hosiers and outfitters for 10s. 6d. and a suit of pyjamas for 17s. 6d. This price represents a considerable reduction. "Luvisca" shirts, soft collars, and pyjamas are silky in appearance, exceptionally well cut, very durable in wear, and made expressly for good service. They are obtainable in an attractive range of new designs, giving the right touch to both sports and business wear and also slumber wear. If any difficulty in obtaining write the manufacturers, Courtaulds, Ltd. (Dept. 4 M), 16, St. Martin's le Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

Old-fashioned Gingerbread.

No, this paragraph is not about fashions in clothes but in cakes. At the moment there is a decided vogue for gingerbread, and, of course, it must be Galbraith's of High Street, Ayr. It is prepared from a century-old Scottish recipe; juicy sultanas, currants, peel, spices, and best butter are among the ingredients. These cakes are available for 4s., 5s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. post free. They really are delicious, and they keep their freshness for ever so long. Good housekeepers who are thinking of Christmas and the New Year must write for their cake and shortbread book. There is Scotch haggis in size 1s. and 5s. upwards. Schoolboys always appreciate a Galbraith gingerbread cake.

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10½ Gns.

The corduroy cap is cleverly draped and finished with loop of self material. **12/11**



Picture by BLAKE

Air Eddies—continued from p. 126

private aeroplane owner who lands at Croydon, for instance, is forced to go through elaborate formalities for the privilege of paying an exorbitant landing fee. That scale of landing and housing fees is indefensible unless the intention is, like the licensing fees for the sale of alcohol, to control. But no good reason has yet been advanced why the Government should be allowed to restrict and control civil aviation.

Gravesend.

Gravesend Aerodrome is now working. A hangar has been erected and school flying has been started. Taxi flying can also be undertaken and a particularly good feature of the aerodrome is that instruction and solo flying are open to all who choose to go there. Membership of the club is not essential, although naturally flying fees for members are much below those for non-members. Officers of the three services get specially low rates and as the aerodrome serves a part of the country where flying facilities are scarce, it is certain that machines and staff will be kept busy.



FALCONRY AT WEST WRATTING, NEAR NEWMARKET

Lord Howard de Walden and his party for a sport which at one time was almost as popular in England as fox-hunting. Left to right are: Lord Howard de Walden, the Hon. John Scott-Ellis, his son and heir, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Tyler, Miss Waite, Miss Tyler, and Miss Waugh

Frank Griggs

qualified pilots who have done more than twenty-five hours' flying at the aerodrome, for £2 an hour.

An important point about Gravesend Airport is that it is run on business lines without unnecessary flourishes. There is to be a club house, and additional hangar accommodation is actually being put up at the present moment. If its promise is fulfilled Gravesend is likely to provide London with another really useful airport in a district that has been sadly in need of one for some time past. I shall hope in the near future to give some further information about developments at Gravesend. It is a port which will be bound to be well patronised.

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Was it not Sir Richard Steele who declared that "to make happy is the true Empire of Beauty"? And with this Elizabeth Arden is in full agreement; however, she goes farther, for her treatment and preparations not only protect every external of the beauty of women, but they go to the very roots with corrective exercises, teaching all women how to set free the sources of nerves, so that the glands throughout the body send out food instead of poison. No woman can be beautiful unless she be healthy.

Savon Kenott for the Teeth.

Miss Arden has done so many great things for the 'cause' of beauty that some of the little things that mean so much are overlooked. The Skin Tonic cannot be placed among the latter. Personally, I consider it indispensable. It should frequently be used during the day, when it cleanses and refreshes the skin, and when applied before entering a heated room will prevent the nose taking unto itself a roseate hue, and the face in general from becoming uncomfortably warm. Then there is the Eye Lotion; this not only soothes the eyes but improves the vision, and overcomes that weary sensation that is the portion of many as the day draws to its close. Among the minor things is Savon Kenott for the teeth; it cleanses thoroughly and safely, it strengthens and firms the gums, and keeps them pink and vigorous. Sometimes it is known by the name of the "Smoker's Dentifrice," for it banishes all odour of tobacco and purifies and refreshes the tissues of the mouth; it is really unnecessary to add that it is antiseptic.



Elizabeth Arden has developed a complete group of specialized preparations to fulfil every need and to correct every fault of the skin. She likes to correspond with women and to help them. She answers inquiries by personal letters, and gives freely of her knowledge to outline the scientific treatment of the skin.

For the Bath.

It is essential that not only the skin of the face but that of the entire body should receive consideration; therefore something different for the bath is ever welcomed, especially when it bears the name of Elizabeth Arden. Velve Bath is a delightful preparation; it is a cream soap of jelly-like consistency; it should be used regularly in the bath, as it keeps the skin smooth and satiny and heals chapping and roughness. For use

after the bath there is Velve Liquid; a few drops should be applied to the skin. Of course it must be used every time the hands are washed. It contains many delicate oils that are entirely absorbed, therefore the hands never become sticky after its use. As many women value snowy-white hands above rubies, a few words must be said about the retiring gloves, as they do indeed perform the work that is claimed for them; they are made of soft rubber, carefully fitted and finished. Bleaching Cream must first be applied and then the gloves drawn on; during the night the nourishment and bleach of the cream make the hands soft and white.

Nature's Frame for the Face.

Nature is a great artist and blends her colours exquisitely, and the frame for the face is hair. Unless cared for it has a tendency to lose its lights and luxuriance. Naturally it must be kept scrupulously clean. In the past when travelling it has been rather difficult to do this. Now from the Elizabeth Arden salons comes a wonderful new shampoo; it needs practically no water and no rinsing at all, dries in a few minutes, and leaves the hair soft and fluffy. I have used it regularly as well as the other preparations, so I really do know their good qualities. M. E. B.

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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, have from time to time given occasional help for repairs to a surgical boot and irons for a cripple boy whose left leg has never grown in proportion to his general physique. His mother is a widow aged sixty-two; she has no pension, for her husband died uninsured. She earns a little by occasional nursing, etc., but this is a very precarious living, especially as she grows older, and she has this cripple son entirely dependent on her, for he has no means of earning a living. There are two married daughters who help a little whenever they can, but they have families of their own and cannot do much. The Friends of the Poor are most anxious to get this boy trained in something by which he will have a chance of earning a living when he no longer has his mother to depend on. They can get him into a training home for crippled boys, where he can live and be taught boot repairing or tailoring, for whichever he shows aptitude. He will be boarded and trained for £20 a year, and of this sum his mother and sisters have promised to contribute half. Ninety per cent. of the boys trained at this home obtain jobs at the conclusion of their training, so the future is very hopeful, as the boy is intelligent and quick at learning. They are a very respectable family and most deserving of help. Please do help the Friends of the Poor to collect £10 for one year, so that the boy may start at once.

The League of Mercy are holding a Bridge Tea on November 16, at 3 p.m., at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. Her Highness Princess Marie Louise has graciously consented to present the prizes. Tickets for the Bridge table, including tea,



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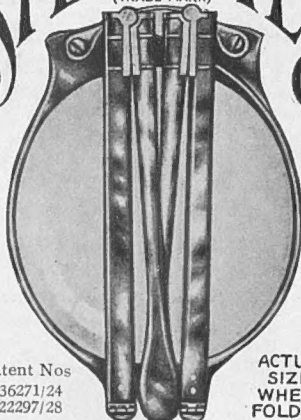
are £2 2s., and single tickets for non-players 5s. These may be obtained from Mrs. Max Mayer, 20, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

The Blue Cross Kennels and Animals' Hospital, Shooters Hill Road, S.E., are organizing a fair to raise funds to carry on their good work of free veterinary advice, dog licences to deserving cases, lethal chambering, finding homes for unwanted dogs, etc. In addition to this work the kennels also quarantine dogs at specially low rates for men of H.M. Services. The fair is being held at Blackheath Concert Hall on November 11 and 12. The hon. secretary at 54, The Common, Woolwich, S.E., would be grateful to receive donations or gifts for the bazaar.

There is an amusing story concerning the way in which Jack Hulbert recorded the two hits from *Jack's the Boy*—"The Flies Crawl up the Window" and "I Want to Cling to Ivy." A few weeks ago H.M.V. sent their recording unit over to Monte Carlo to make some records of Ambrose and his orchestra. Mr. W.L. Streeton, H.M.V.'s recording manager, was visiting the bathing pool at Monte Carlo, and he learned that Jack Hulbert, whom H.M.V. had been trying to locate for the past month, was bathing; he rushed him out of the water, huddled him into Ambrose's car, and took him to the Metropole Hotel, the foyer of which had been temporarily converted into a recording studio. A band hastily gathered from the musicians of the local casinos learned the accompaniment to "The Flies Crawl up the Window" and "I Want to Cling to Ivy," after Jack had improvised them on a piano. The spectators in the hotel were much amused to see Jack Hulbert recording the hits from his latest film clad only in a bathing costume.

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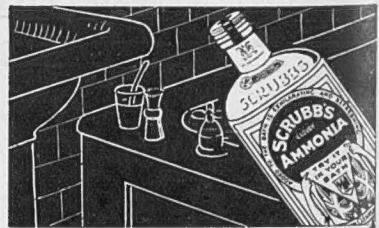
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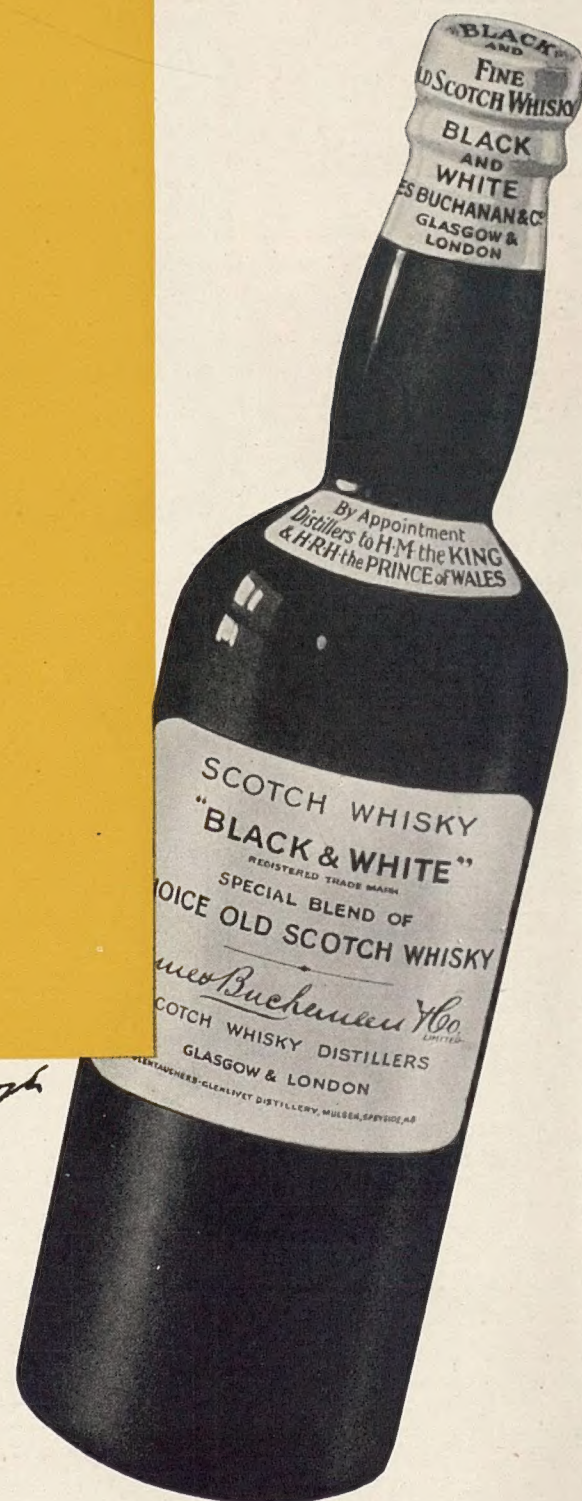
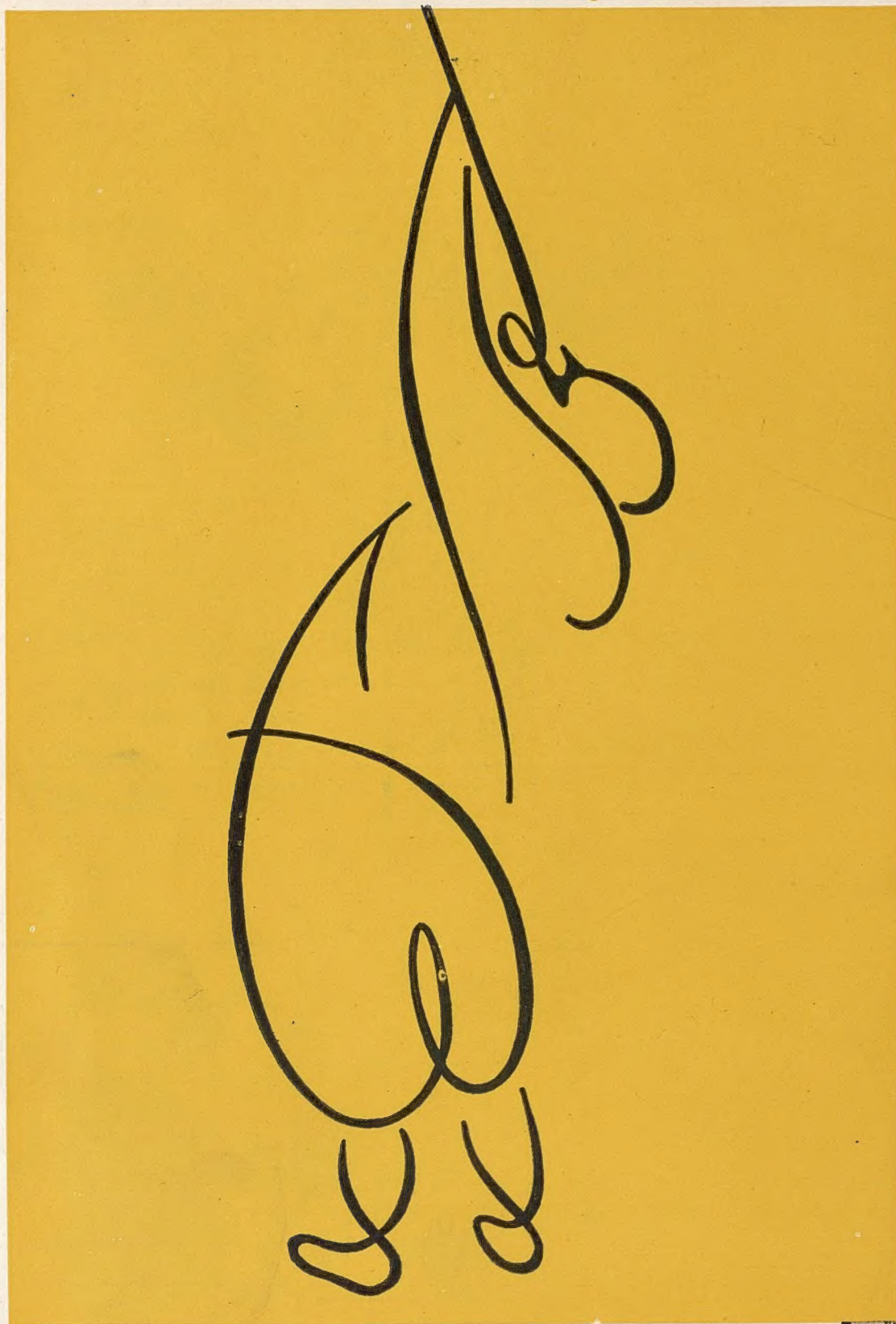
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